

# The Critic

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NEW YORK, JANUARY 17, 1891

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JANUARY 1st, 1891.

73rd Semi-Annual Financial Statement

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At close of Business, December 31st, 1890.

CASH CAPITAL, - - - - - \$2,000,000.00.

ASSETS AVAILABLE FOR FIRE LOSSES,

\$5,624,814.73

AS FOLLOWS:

Cash on hand, in Bank, and with Agents,	\$654,873 07
State Stocks and Bonds,	30,000 00
Hartford Bank Stocks,	607,314 00
Miscellaneous Bank Stocks,	553,868 00
Corporation and Railroad Stocks and Bonds,	2,431,140 00
County, City and Water Bonds,	236,420 00
Real Estate,	233,524 34
Loans on Collateral,	143,322 50
Real Estate Loans,	676,600 00
Accumulated Interest and Rents,	57,752 82
TOTAL CASH ASSETS,	\$5,624,814 73

LIABILITIES.

Cash Capital,	\$2,000,000 00
Reserve for Outstanding Losses,	293,831 17
Reserve for Re-Insurance,	1,813,993 88
NET SURPLUS,	1,517,079 68
TOTAL ASSETS,	\$5,624,814 73

Total Losses Paid since Organization of Company.

\$27,157,044.19.

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Romanticism and a worship of the classical school of David, succeeded the Belgian painter De Vigne, who was wonderfully like a bandit, and who was also unable to free himself from the influence of the old school or to resist the fascination of the new. Verboeckhoven, Gallait, Wappers and De Keyser were the great men whom he admired, all of them ecclectics addicted to such tricks as painting one half of a face with transparent and the other half with opaque colors. At his first visit to Paris he was horrified by Delacroix, and was roused to a high pitch of enthusiasm by 'the great paintings of Horace Vernet.' His experiences with the other pupils in Drolling's studio he seems to think very rough, and he charges them to the barbarism of the time; but it is the same now. Among his fellow-pupils were Baudry and Henner. The Revolution of '48 interrupted his studies and gave them a new direction. The 'new social stratum,' the populace, which had obtained the upper hand, was to furnish subjects to art. All was over with both classicism and romanticism; the modern naturalistic school had begun. Corot, Rousseau, Courbet, Troyon and Millet began to exhibit and some of them to receive consideration. Breton himself painted a gloomy revolutionary picture in which the modern feeling for poverty and ugliness in human life manifested itself, and an out-of-door sketch in the garden of the Luxembourg in which he strove to express the equally modern feeling of the beauty of light. From that time, it is needless to say, he has kept a respectable place near the front of the modern movement. He is both candid and just in his criticisms of his contemporaries, and while his book is crowded with pleasant anecdotes, it is most interesting and valuable because of these expressions of opinion. A good photo-engraved portrait is given as a frontispiece.

#### "Curiosities of the American Stage"\*

MR. LAURENCE HUTTON's 'Curiosities of the American Stage' is mainly a reprint of articles published from time to time in different periodicals, with certain additions and elaborations. These make a solid and slightly volume, and are admirably printed in the plainest of type upon paper of excellent quality. The matter contained in them is largely biographical and chronological, with a fair sprinkling of anecdote, and is of that light and gossiping kind which is peculiarly attractive to the great majority of readers. The larger part of it will be very familiar to all persons even moderately acquainted with modern theatrical history, but the facts are grouped in a manner convenient for reference, and derive a new value from that circumstance. The most interesting and freshest chapters are those upon the American stage Negro and American burlesque, in which there is much curious information of a personal and historical sort. The account of the native American drama is the merest outline, but touches all essential points in the different sub-divisions under which the subject is treated. These are the Indian drama, the Revolutionary and War drama, the frontier drama, the stage American, the local New York drama, and the Society drama. The lists of plays appear to be full and accurate and are supplemented by the dates of production and the names of the principal performers. The chapter devoted to infant phenomena is not particularly valuable, and the century of American Hamlets is little more than a record of names and dates, although prominence is given to the performances of E. L. Davenport, Edwin Booth, Charles Fechter and one or two others. There is no cause for complaint on this score, as Mr. Hutton, in his preface, especially disclaims any intention of being critical.

The word 'curiosities' in the title is rather misleading, and might easily be cause of offence to some of the prominent players to whom it is, by implication, applied. In some cases it becomes possessed of a significance almost cruel. There is no lack, however, of curious things in the

\* Chester Harding, Artist. Edited by Margaret E. White. \$1.25. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 2. The Life of an Artist: An Autobiography. By Jules Breton. Tr. by Mary J. Serrano. \$1.50. D. Appleton & Co.

\* Curiosities of the American Stage. by Laurence Hutton. \$2.50. Harper & Bros.

book, among which may be mentioned some copies of old theatrical prints. The illustrations are a great feature of the publication, being very plentiful and, what is more to the purpose, often very good as well as very rare. It may be objected, though, that some of the living originals are scarcely worthy of the society into which they are now promoted—unless, indeed, they are supposed to figure among the curiosities just referred to. The book is provided with a capital double index, and is certain to find its way into the libraries of all dramatic collectors.

#### English as Pronounced \*

THERE IS NO HIGHER authority on English pronunciation than Mr. Henry Sweet, the distinguished Oxford scholar and author. Four years ago he published, for the benefit of German students of the language, a little 'Elementary Book of Spoken English' (*Elementarbuch des gesprochenen Englisch*), which had good success abroad; and he has thus been led to prepare a similar work for the instruction of the English-speaking world,—or, rather, for those who suppose themselves to speak English, which, it would seem, the most of us do not, either in England or elsewhere. It is now, in Mr. Sweet's opinion, an ascertained truth that London, with the district around it, is 'the original home of standard English, both in its spoken and its literary form.' This London dialect, as spoken by the educated classes, is what Mr. Sweet undertakes to set forth, with as much precision as possible, in an alphabet specially devised for the purpose. His account of this standard pronunciation has been sharply criticised in England, especially in the north, where it has been rejected almost with horror. But he insists on its correctness, and, as an adept, must be held to be in the right. Some of the results are very curious.

The cockney repugnance to the letter *h* has spread, to a certain extent, among the highest classes, who, it seems, really reject the troublesome aspirate in many cases where they fondly suppose themselves to be uttering it. It has disappeared from *wh*, which 'is generally pronounced *w*.' Sam Weller and the Duke of Omnium alike say 'wot' and 'wy.' The pronouns 'he, his, him' are only heard at the beginning of a sentence, or in strongly emphatic positions. Elsewhere they are invariably '*e, is, im*.' 'When he met him' is therefore to be pronounced '*wen e met im*.' The *r* has also disappeared entirely, except when it is followed by a vowel. 'Horse' and 'flower' are pronounced *hawss* and *flowuh*. To make up to the maltreated letter for this loss of position, the educated Londoner frequently inserts it where it has no right to be. He says 'idear of,' 'Indiar office,' and the like. Some of Mr. Sweet's readers, it seems, protest against this statement: but he sternly persists that he knows it to be a fact, and, furthermore, that 'this habit, so far from dying out, is rapidly spreading to the midlands.' In other cases a reverse process occurs, and consonants are dropped or assimilated, as in '*the lahs' time*,' '*I doan' know*,' '*I cahng' go*,' '*we shl mish shoo*.' The first syllable of 'expert,' 'extreme,' and the like, is pronounced *ix*. All this, of course, is for ease of utterance and for euphony.

The primer contains a complete grammar of this spoken English, which presents several oddities. The plural of 'child' is *chuldrun*, the first *u* being pronounced as in 'full.' The possessive pronoun 'your' becomes *yaw-uh* before a consonant, and *yawr* before a vowel. The negative of 'am' is *aint*, while that of 'have' is not *haint* but *havn't*, which seems rather inconsistent. It is interesting to know that as 'your' becomes *yawr*, so 'Victoria' is always pronounced *Victawria*. Good society in London seems not to have the same liberal variety of expression which Dickens found in the far West, where 'prairie,' for example, was converted at will into *parairer*, *pareerer*, *paraurer*, and *pa-roairer*.

\* A Primer of Spoken English. By Henry Sweet, M.A. 90 cts. Macmillan & Co.

If some fastidious readers should be disposed to see a tinge of vulgarity in any of the examples which have been cited from the work before us, they should be reminded that fashions vary with time and place. To eat with the fingers and the knife was 'good form' at the table of Queen Bess, and still is so in highly conservative localities, like Teheran and Samarcand. Mr. Sweet, as has been said, is undoubtedly the highest authority on English orthoepy. Those, therefore, who purpose going to England, with the object of mingling acceptably in the best London circles, should procure his book, and prepare themselves to say, bravely and unhesitatingly, *wot* and *aint* and *chuldrun* and *ixpect* and *hawss* and *yawr* and *Victawria*. Such is clearly the received style there at present, whatever it may be now in Boston, or fifty years hence in Britain.

#### Mrs. Barr's "Friend Olivia" \*

THOSE WHO, as is the wont of many of the Brillat-Savarins of fiction, have laid aside the tempting chapters of Mrs. Barr's 'Friend Olivia' in *The Century*, preferring to devour the dainty in its completed shape rather than to 'savourer ses délices' in piecemeal, have a treat in store for them. From the opening chapters, which set before us Baron Kelder of Kelderly, a Puritan fighter 'on every battle-field for liberty from Marston Moor to Worcester,' and nineteenth in descent from a gallant Norseman who in the days of Harald Haarfager's tyranny had sought refuge on English shores, and there laid the foundations of a stalwart race, the story moves onward with a tramp as of armed men through the stirring period of the Commonwealth to the Restoration of King Charles. There is something characteristic of the author in the way the rugged background of that time of warring passions and fiercest prejudice is made to glow with color, and to palpitate with a tenderness all feminine. Nobody better than Mrs. Barr can depict the woman who enchants, and none better the woman to whose innate purity all men cry Hail! The contrast of the Royalist maiden Anastasia, whose very sins are made bewitching, with the Quaker heroine Olivia, who, dwelling in spirit on the borderland between earth and heaven, her thoughts 'commerce with the skies,' is yet thoroughly human in her love and self-sacrifice, is drawn with fine insight into womanhood. Olivia, recalling in some aspects her faraway sister-in-bonds, Dinah Morris, in George Eliot's 'Adam Bede,' is, by the light touch of her creator, always kept up to the novel-reader's standard of a delightful heroine. She is both sweet and strong; the artistic grouping of her surroundings feeds the fancy as with a well set drama of the time; and the man who is her pendant is her fitting mate. Historically, Mrs. Barr's novel has its value as a carefully considered record of the English Commonwealth; romantically speaking, it is of even higher worth. One greets a love-story from which one can arise with the sigh of satisfaction bestowed upon 'Friend Olivia,' as a boon as rare as it is welcome in our homes.

#### "The French Invasion of Ireland in '98" †

'THE PRESENT VOLUME is an attempt to rescue from comparative oblivion one of the many extraordinary episodes of the great French revolutionary war. Cortez and Pizarro, and scores of minor conquerors—nay, even buccaneers like Morgan—have found their panegyrists, but on the subject of General Humbert's descent upon Ireland in 1798 history is almost silent.' The policy of the French Directory in 1796 contemplated a descent on Ireland. To this end the discontent of the Irish was skilfully made use of, and an alliance was formed with the Executive Committee of the Order of United Irishmen. An armament consisting of forty-three sail and carrying fifteen thousand men started for Bantry Bay, but was battered by storm, and returned to

\* Friend Olivia. By Amelia E. Barr. \$1.25. Dodd, Mead & Co.

† The French Invasion of Ireland in '98. Valerian Gribayedoff. \$1.50. New York: Charles P. Somerby.



its anchorage without having landed on the Irish Coast. In 1797 another expedition was organized in Holland under French direction, but it failed to leave the Texel. In 1798 the Directory promised to send a fleet, and it was intended that Napoleon should command it, but Napoleon preferred the glories of Egypt and sailed to the East. The demands for aid from the Irish emissaries in Paris did not grow less, and at last it was decided that an expedition should be dispatched in three divisions, the first under General Humbert with a thousand veterans, the second under General Hardy with three thousand men, and the third, to consist of ten thousand soldiers, under General Kilmain. The first only of these three reached its destination, and it is with the fortunes of this that the volume entitled as above has to do. The French landed at Killala; 'their entire strength fell short of 1100 men of all arms, and on the day of their arrival . . . the country was occupied by 150,000 English troops, thoroughly prepared for every emergency. For three weeks the invader held his own in the face of every difficulty, defeated several forces in the field, . . . conquered an entire province, and only surrendered to overwhelming odds after out-maneuvring the British commanders during an unrelenting march of a week's duration. The French by that time had penetrated 150 miles into the interior of the country.'

Graphic descriptions abound of the incidents of the campaign, and a sketch of General Humbert exhibits him as a sort of knight-errant, wandering, when the hope of an Irish conquest was dashed to the ground, to New Orleans, where he fought under General Jackson on October 8th, 1815, and thence to Mexico. He did not take any great part in the Mexican struggle for independence, but after one futile effort returned to New Orleans, where he passed the remaining years of his life in obscurity, dying in 1823.

#### Hugo's "Hans of Iceland" \*

OLD SAILORS tell us of sea-gulls that lay their eggs in the edges of a warm volcano and leave them there to hatch in the smouldering heat. The young works of youthful authors often share this fate. Dante Rossetti at eighteen composes the incomparable 'Blessed Damozel'; Victor Hugo at nineteen sends forth 'Hans of Iceland'—each a volcano-hatched nursing of immortality, brought to premature ripening by the heat and light beating upon them from that heat-and-light radiating engine, precocious genius. In Rossetti's case we have a masterpiece never surpassed by the creations of his later loves; in Victor Hugo's, a half-monstrous grotesque born of strange intimacies with vikings and legendary lore, full of the fermenting talent of a young soul beginning to spread its wings and hang albatross-like over the ocean of love. Hugo himself, ten years after the first appearance of his book, wrote a denunciatory preface in which he says of it all that its worst enemy could say. He denounces its crudeness, sentimentality, episodic character, and lack of acquaintance with real life; and he hints that it was the Frankenstein-like offspring of reading in the fields of Ducray-Duminil, Auguste La Fontaine, and Shakespeare. In this way its mixture of the silly, the sentimental and the sublime is accounted for: it was the bantling of a head full of heroic fancies and inexperience. Yet every critic can see how it is the best of his earlier prose works, and how it led on to 'Notre Dame de Paris' and that great tale of romances which started from it as from their fountain-head: *fons et origo*. The subject lends itself excellently to etching, photogravure, half-tone plates and woodcuts: in which, accordingly, this fine edition abounds. Victor Hugo was always half a Caliban: in this romance he is even more than half one. The wings of Ariel sprout from shoulders hirsute as Pan's, while the voice of Æolus emerges from a throat cavernous as Polyphemus's. It is the faun before its transformation: Philomel begin-

\* *Hans of Iceland*. By Victor Hugo. Tr. by A. L. Alger; illus. by A. Démares. 3s. Estes & Lauriat.

ning to moult. Later on, divinest music and highest melancholy will issue from the same lips.

#### Recent Fiction

A MAJOR in the English Army carries off from her home ruins and deserts the daughter of a Corsican nobleman. The girl's two sisters vow to avenge her, organize a vendetta for the purpose, and dog the officer's footsteps all over the world until they are finally enabled to take up their abode in the same apartment-house with him in London. There one of the sisters murders him with her own hand, and tells the story and confesses the murder to a friend of the officer's wife; to relieve his mind of a suspicion it has entertained that the crime was committed by the wife, who has been most horribly treated by her husband. Such is the story of a rather lurid and wholly trashy romance called 'The Other Man's Wife,' written by John Strange Winter, the author of 'Bootles's Baby.' (25c. J. B. Lippincott Co.)—THE AUTHOR of 'Martha Corey: A Tale of the Salem Witchcraft' apologizes in her preface for various anachronisms of speech she has allowed her characters, but fails to apologize for the utter inanity of the story. It is based upon the sad fate of Giles and Martha Corey in the days when ignorance and superstition caused the persecution and death of so many of New England's worthiest citizens. Implicated with the Coreys is an English noblewoman, who has fled from her home to America to hide herself from the man she thinks has entrapped her into a false marriage. Her rescue by her husband, who proves his innocence and wins her back to him in spite of herself, is the thread upon which the rest of the story is strung. It is written by Constance Goddard Dubois. (\$1.25. A. C. McClurg & Co.)

THE SCENE of 'Walford,' the latest novel written by Ellen Olney Kirk, author of 'Queen Money' and 'The Story of Margaret Kent,' is laid in a New England manufacturing village. The story deals practically with the ups and downs of the 'Rexford Manufacturing Co.,' and sentimentally with the discovery on the part of the heroine that the man she fell in love with and married at eighteen is not the hero she thought him. Their relations become more and more strained until the difficulty is solved by the death of John Rexford from a bullet out of his own pistol, received in a struggle with the strikers. The main interest of the story centres in and around their little girl Bessie, who is lost and then ostensibly found. The conviction gradually forces itself upon her mother that the child is not her own, and that the fraud has been deliberately perpetrated by her husband to retain possession of the money which has been left the child by an aunt for whom she was named. The story is in some respects a sweet one, and has an element which in other hands might have been developed into something striking. (\$1.25. Houghton, Mifflin and Co.)

'A LOST JEWEL,' by Harriet Prescott Spofford, is the story of a child, an Italian, who is stolen from her parents by an organ-grinder, and rescued from him by a lady and gentleman who adopt her and treat her as they do their own children until her father and mother are found and claim her. It is written for children, is nicely told, and will probably amuse and interest little people. It is a pity, however, that more of those who write about children are not among the favored few described by Rudyard Kipling as 'the ones to whom the children have condescended so far as to tell them something of what they know.' (\$1. Lee & Shepard.)—'CUDJO'S CAVE,' by J. T. Trowbridge, is a story of loyal Southerners which bears marks of the fever and stress of war times. All the disloyal Southerners in it are mean, ignorant, and unscrupulous scoundrels. They flog women,—tar-and-feather a mild-mannered Northern teacher, commit murder, robbery and arson, and leave the reader with the impression that it was a mistaken clemency that permitted a single willing citizen of the late Confederacy to survive its defeat. That such a book should be written during the War we can well conceive, but are at a loss to account for its publication, or re-publication, now. It is, however, not without merit as a story. The characters of the runaway Negro Pompey, who takes the chief sentimental part, and of the German boy Carl, who is the principal comic personage, are well conceived, and the narrative of the escape of the loyalist prisoners and the burning of the woods by their pursuers is very well written. (50 cts. Lee & Shepard.)

ONE OF THE BEST definitions of the indefinable thing called genius is that it is the faculty of acquiring the experience of a man without losing the enthusiasm proper to youth. Mr. Ernest Ingersoll is a genius of that sort. He is therefore one of the very few writers who do not need to be recommended to boys and whose

books it will do a boy good to read. 'The Silver Cave' is a tale of mining adventure on the northern slopes of the San Juan range. Three young men, partners, undertake to reopen an abandoned 'prospect hole,' in spite of the opposition of certain lawless characters who try to 'jump their claim,' and strike a rich lode of telluride of silver. It would be wrong to say that much mineralogical and geological information is 'conveyed' by the story. It is there to be mined out, if the reader will take the trouble. But the story is worth reading for its own sake. The slow Northerner Brehm, the impulsive Virginian Bushwick, and the quaint and prudent Scotchman Sandy McKinnon, make a very interesting trio, contrasted, to their great advantage, with the rascals, Old Bob, Scotty and Stevens. How these last worthies 'jump' the young miners out of the wrong cave and, at the end, fall into the hands of the sheriff, should be read in the story itself, which is written in a picturesque but straightforward style, and illustrated with some clever woodcuts. (\$1. Dodd, Mead & Co.)

WE ARE ALWAYS glad to see Mr. W. E. Norris. We cannot say that he enlarges our view of life, but at least he never shocks our idea of the limitations of human nature. With him the possibilities of life seem to be the living up to its limitations. Never by any chance do his people extricate themselves from the slough of despond into which he casts them. Human nature is certainly very disappointing; society is a poison that deadens our higher ideals; life is full of wasted energies; environment is a prison whose walls we may not scale; aspiration is a little sapphire flame which most of us overlook in the blaze and glare of the gas. This is his creed; or shall we say he paints life as he finds it?—which is trite but perhaps more generous. Sometimes, in real life, however, after the glare of the gas is darkened, one does perceive the little blue flame of spirit; one does break down the wall of environment and widen the boundaries of life; one does act from noble endeavor, and human nature is thus enabled to develop to its highest capacity. Perhaps Mr. Norris meant to indicate this in the act of devotion and unselfishness when Marcia's son pays his stepfather's debts, even though it ruins his own prospects with his lady-love, and his uncle disinherits him for so doing. Otherwise 'Marcia' is a very gloomy record of selfishness that began like a mustard-seed and finally overshadowed a whole character. Mr. Norris is very fond of these mustard-seed developments. What a frank and charming girl we at first believed the heroine of 'Matrimony' to be, and into what a self-centred and disagreeable woman she grew! She is the natural prototype of 'Marcia.' 'No New Thing' has also the same kind of character in Margaret's charge, Philip. We prefer Mr. Norris's earlier stories. There deceit and selfishness were incidents in the scheme, like threads seen in the weaving; here they give tone to the whole texture. (40 cts. Harper & Bros.)

'PHOEBE,' by Mary Harriot Norris, is a book of social life, but as raw in tone as Marcia is mellow. The scene is laid in America, and the line between virtue and evil is very sharply defined. There are no blurred outlines of purpose or action here. Cupidity, lust, ambition, self-denial, piety, in a crude way, furnish the single motive of each character. This sharpness of detail is one of the faults of the book, which at times is fluent and well-written. Phoebe was a Quakeress, and lived on a farm, on Long Island, whence she sent 'produce' to New York to help pay off the mortgage. She concealed from her brother John, who was seeking his fortune in Australia, that their parents had died, so that he need not come home to take care of her. She employed a nihilistic Russian as farmer, who proved to have designs on her and the farm. John got home from Australia just in time to save her from the wicked machinations of the nihilist and to see her engaged to a Methodist Bishop. So in the end everything passed off in that harmony with natural justice which characterizes the poetic hero of Mr. Bunthorne's recitals. (\$1. Hunt & Eaton.)

'TIMOTHY'S QUEST' is a good, old-fashioned Dickens-like Christmas story, in red, green and gold, with a border of holly-leaves, by Kate Douglas Wiggin. Young Tim Jessop, his protégée Lady Gay, and his dog Rags, have many wild and wonderful adventures while Tim is looking for some kind lady in the country who will adopt Lady Gay until she grows up, and then return her to Tim's control and care. The only alternative to this scheme is that the two should go to separate and unconnected 'homes' or asylums, so Tim takes his savings' bank, Lady Gay's baby-carriage and a supply of bread and meat, and sets out to seek both their fortunes. Rags follows of his own accord. What luck they have had better be learned from the story itself, which is one of the brightest of its sort since 'The Chimes.' (\$1. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

'THE HIDDEN TREASURE' is the Bible, which is read in a garret

by a gloomy-minded Protestant family in the England of pre-Reformation days. Miss Lucy Ellen Guernsey's book is polemical to a degree, and the old, old arguments for and against the free reading of the Scriptures are uttered for the thousandth time by monks and laymen, scholars and nuns. The author's knowledge is too slight to enable her to draw a vivid picture of the times, and those who are likely to weary soon of ancient controversies had better avoid the story, though it is far from being so bad as some of its class. (\$1.50. Thomas Whittaker.)—'THE DALZELLS OF DAISYDOWN' are a hobby-horse family who live in an old, rambling, Virginia-creeper-covered English mansion and keep up fluctuating relations with friends at Newport. Two of them fall in love with the same young lady, and their haps and mishaps, quarrels and reconciliation form the burden of the story, which is pretty well told by E. Vinton Blake. (\$1.50. D. Lothrop Co.)

ELEVEN PLEASING 'Stories told at Twilight,' by Louise Chandler Moulton, start off extremely well with one about a young street Arab who became a noted artist. A story of Richard Wagner follows, and then 'Jessie's Neighbour.' 'Choosing Time' is about a summer-boarder's experience at the foot of Sunshine Summit; and 'The White Chrysanthemums' is about Grace Sheridan's heart and the bitterness in it. 'The Pansy Vase' preaches a sermon about Self and Life and Death, all with capital letters; and 'A Broken Lily' is Miss Lily Bonner, a most unfortunate girl, for she had no backbone. So that the book contains fun and good advice and pathos and adventure, and its only fault is that it is one short of the dozen good stories which every reader will feel that it ought to have contained. (\$1.25. Roberts Bros.)—'SAMANTHA AMONG THE BRETHREN' walks up and takes her inkstand off of the mantel piece, and carries it with a calm and majestic gait to the corner of the settin'-room devoted by her to literary pursuits. Whereupon her husband, Josiah Allen, asks, 'What are you goin' to tackle, now, Samantha?' And she answers, 'The Cause of Eternal Justice, Josiah Allen.' No doubt, the Cause of Eternal Justice gets very much the worst of it, as does the cause of orthography. The two have always seemed to us to suffer together at the hands of humorists of the Marietta Holley sort. It is to be hoped that the humorists will be worsted in their turn and disappear, in company with saleratus pie-crust, indigestion and wooden nutmegs, to the Limbo of vain things. (\$2.50. Funk & Wagnalls.)

NOT UNTIL the middle of the volume is reached does the unsuspecting reader discover that the commodious vehicle represented on the outside has nothing whatever to do with 'The Family Coach' whose journeyings and mishaps are so capitally detailed by M. and C. Lee. The story tells of a trip taken by a family of English children from London to Mentone, where they are to meet their parents, returning from India. Henrietta, the eldest, contrary to all arrangements, assumes the management of the excursion, not, however, with the best results. The characters are cleverly drawn, there is a good deal of humor, some of the situations are exciting, the tone of the book is, on the whole, healthy, and it will afford an hour's agreeable reading. (\$1.50. T. Whittaker.)—'A MYSTERY OF NEW ORLEANS,' by W. H. Holcombe, M.D., is—as the title-page announces—'solved by new methods.' A wealthy Central American and his wife and daughter are on their way to New Orleans, and on board the vessel make the acquaintance of a Creole physician. The whole party stops at Havana, and there the wife dies, the husband is murdered by the physician, and the child is made away with. A relation of the Central American makes it his business in life to discover the child and ascertain the facts as to the death of her father, whom he suspects of having been foully dealt with. He resorts to hypnotism to obtain the clue, and by means of a female medium in New Orleans eventually finds the girl, proves the murder and rescues the fortune. The subject is handled with considerable skill, and the hypnotic element, particularly Charcot's great experiment, the re-hypnotization of a patient already in a trance, is quite well developed. (\$1. J. B. Lippincott Co.)

#### Magazine Notes

The *Cosmopolitan* for January has a pretty frontispiece in colors of a hot-waffle seller of the last century, by Leopold Flameng. Elizabeth Bisland describes the People's Palace in London, and eulogizes Mr. Walter Besant, who is one of its originators. 'The Literary Development of California' gives Mrs. Gertrude Atherton a chance to speak of Henry George, Mark Twain, Bret Harte, Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin, and others, who, at one time or another, have lived near the Golden Gate. Col. Charles W. Larned describes how 'the language of form' is taught to young West



Pointers. Henry George has a few pages of praise for Australia and the Australians, and William H. Rideing describes and illustrates 'The Transatlantic Trip.' There is a novelette, 'Mlle. Ré-séda,' by Julien Gordon; and there are poems by Munroe Smith ('Insomnia'), Milton Goldsmith ('The Cyclone'), William A. Leahy ('The Cascade'), and Dempster Sherman ('Nocturne'). Dr. E. E. Hale writes on 'Education in Public Spirit.'

### Shakespeariana

EDITED BY DR. W. J. ROLFE, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

*The Bankside 'Hamlet.'*—The eleventh volume of the Bankside edition is 'Hamlet,' edited by Edward P. Vining, A. M. The text printed parallel with that of the folio is naturally the quarto of 1603. The volume is the bulkiest of the series thus far, the introductory matter filling 151 pages, and the text 253, the play being the longest that Shakespeare wrote. Mr. Vining believes that the 'Hamlet' of 1589 was Shakespeare's, and that the tragedy was probably rewritten or revised three times. The differences between the quartos of 1603 and 1604 'seem altogether too radical to be explained by the theory that the earlier publication was a piratical version, taken down in short-hand or partly written out from memory from a theatrical representation of the tragedy in its present form.' The edition of 1603 may, nevertheless, 'have been printed without authority, from an imperfect copy, and have been maimed and distorted in many ways.' A good case is made out for the assumed relation of the 1603 and 1604 quartos; but the attempt to prove that the earlier 'Hamlet' was Shakespeare's is less successful. Neither, in my opinion, is the poet's use of certain words from the Latin—*modesty, disaster, probation, process, perpend, express, extravagant*, etc.—so clear testimony to his familiarity with Latin as Mr. Vining regards it; and I cannot understand what he means by saying that 'the apparent mistakes [in the use of *circumstance* in the sense of *circumlocution, plurisy* as equivalent to *plethora*, etc.] are of a nature which it would require quite as much scholarship to commit as to avoid.' They are such mistakes as a person with Shakespeare's command of language, and apparent interest in noting these etymological relations, but with no more training in Latin than he had got in the Stratford grammar-school, would be likely to make. On the other hand, this 'small Latin' would be ample to account for the correct use of the other derivatives mentioned. Mr. Vining does not believe in what the critics call 'Shakespeare's two clocks'; and his determination of the 'time analysis' of the present play is ingenious and apparently accurate. It does not, however, prove that the theory of the two kinds of dramatic time is inapplicable elsewhere in the plays. The introductory essay is followed by reprints of 'The Saga of Amleth,' 'The Hystorie of Hamblet,' Grant White's paper on 'The Two Hamlets,' and a report of the case of 'Hales against Petit,' which suggested certain points in the gravedigger's comments on 'crownor's quest law.'

### Ten Years of American Literature

ON THIS TENTH anniversary of *The Critic*, which made its first appearance on January 15, 1881, it is proper that a few words should be said about the course of American literature during the decade. In a page or two it is impossible to note with any detail even the important books of the period, or to do more than suggest the most obvious generalizations, to notice certain tendencies, and to illustrate them by names that are only in part representative.

Death has removed from us Emerson and Longfellow; and Holmes, Whittier, Whitman, Lowell and Bancroft have passed gradually into more or less complete retirement. Here, as in France and England, the personalities that dominated the literary movements of the middle of the century seem to have disappeared without leaving successors; there is almost a sudden break in literary traditions, and a period is set in of infinite experimentation, with a high level of general excellence, but with little achievement of even relative perfection. In France, England and the United States, the most obvious recent changes are the result of what may be called the democratization of literature. Never before has reading been so general, never have so many people been able to write so variously and so well. Publishers and editors no longer regard chiefly the tastes of small and select literary groups in the great cities; they appeal rather to the commercial classes who read for casual entertainment, and to the families of farmers, to young people and aspiring women who read for useful information and self-improvement. Literature, accordingly, has become more of a business and less of an art; and instances are rare of a writer devoting himself to the conscientious realization of an ideal of

technical perfection. Literature and journalism have joined hands as never before. The writer of books not purely scientific usually tries to adapt his chapters to the exigencies of articles in a magazine, with the result of some compromise of opinion, some *ad captandum* argument, and much carelessness of expression. Moreover, the great development of manufacturing and business corporations, of newspapers, and especially of railroad construction and organization, has offered such lucrative occupation to intellectual ability that comparatively few men of exceptional talent have been left free to give themselves wholly to literature.

In poetry this absence of high excellence is naturally most noticeable. Little has been written that deserves serious consideration. Lowell, in 'Heartsease and Rue,' his latest volume of verse, has included at least one poem of characteristic beauty—'Endymion,'—and in 'Democracy, and Other Addresses' has shown that his force as a prose-writer is still unabated; Holmes has given us a few verses in which his old humor and delicacy of fancy may still be detected; Whittier 'At Sundown,' has occasionally warmed his old readers by the embers of his old fire; that Stoddard is still vigorous is shown by 'The Lion's Cub, with Other Verse'; while W. W. Story from time to time gleams an ever scantier after-math of verses from his 'portfolio.' William Winter, the last of the group of old-fashioned literary Bohemians, writes lines of which the somewhat strained pathos falls to-day on deaf ears. Aldrich's hand, in 'Wyndham Towers,' shows no loss of cunning. There is seriousness, strength and imagination in the two small volumes of Edgar Fawcett. The late Francis Saltus shows art and a peculiar cynicism and a still more peculiar morbid fancy under the inspiration of Baudelaire. Some flavor of the word-coloring of the school of Shelley is preserved by George E. Woodberry. Richard Watson Gilder has added 'The Celestial Passion' to his 'New Day' and other poems. Many young poets and innumerable poetesses sing gracefully and acceptably of natural beauty, of flowers, trees and stars, like Mrs. Whitney, Mrs. Deland, Edith Thomas and Maurice Thompson, while a note of warmer feeling is struck by Mrs. Moulton, and the late H. B. Carpenter in 'Liber Amoris.' A more ambitious attempt was made by S. H. Nichols in 'Monte Rosa,' an epic that won the remarkable reward of a second edition. In the posthumous poems of Mrs. Jackson ('H. H.'), E. R. Sill and Miss Dickinson, there is a special charm due to the impress of a singularly delicate, intelligent but elusive personality,—and in the posthumous volumes of Emma Lazarus the personality revealed; above all in her enthusiastic Jewish songs, is both intense and strong. The condensed, vivid, local humor that gave fame to the early dialect verses of Bret Harte and John Hay now finds expression only in short stories, such as the strange topsy-turvy unreason of the extravaganzas of Frank Stockton, unless the humorous, pathetic verses of James Whitcomb Riley and the ballads of Will Carleton are their modern representative. The tendency in general has been towards *vers de société*,—the light, graceful, well-bred versification of casual fancies and impressions,—like the work, admirable in its kind, of H. C. Bunner, the semi-collegiate verses of Edward Martin and Herbert Morse, and the dainty, Herrick-haunted songs of F. D. Sherman and the best of the younger men, Clinton Scollard. The most important poetry of the decade is, perhaps, to be found in the recently collected poems of the late Sidney Lanier, who occasionally struck rich, exotic harmonies of word and thought more novel and more suggestive than any heard since the death of Poe.

In fiction, however, the emotion and thought of the time have found adequate expression. Democracy, as it has become self-conscious, has felt ever-increasing interest in familiar human life and familiar scenes. The rapid growth of the sentiment of sympathy has stimulated curiosity and intelligent interest in the daily doings and feelings of our friends and neighbors and, especially, of the poor and unfortunate and those who seem to be survivals and out of place in our civilization. The scientific spirit of the age has popularized the love of accurate description, of 'human documents.' At the same time the great Russian novelists of the day have profoundly touched the heart of many, and the modern school of French novelists has inspired writers here with new formulas and theories, and aroused them to more or less conscious emulation. The influence of the demand for short stories by the numerous magazines and by the Sunday newspapers is also not to be disregarded. All these causes have contributed to what is the most noteworthy literary phenomenon of the decade,—the great, sudden development of the art of fiction, the multiplicity of novels, romances and short stories, in every part of the country, especially in the South: in every style and manner, especially in a form more or less realistic; and of every conceivable subject, especially of social complications and the development of individual character in ordinary everyday American life in some particular local conditions. None of Mr. Howells's more important novels are more

an ten years old, and in them the various phases of modern American life are delineated with singular delicacy of discernment, sympathetic observation and happiness of word,—the career of a popular, selfish, clever Bohemian journalist in 'A Modern Instance,' the innate honesty of a typical New England self-made man in 'Silas Lapham,' the careless, chance complications of courtship between young people of society in 'April Hopes,' the questions that beset and distress philanthropic ladies and clergymen in 'Annie Kilburn,' the intricate relations between rich and poor in the New York of to-day in 'A Hazard of New Fortunes.' Mr. Fawcett in his novels has shown himself almost equally serious and many-sided, certainly less reticent,—and 'The Evil that Men Do' may be set beside 'A Hazard of New Fortunes' for vivid realism and genuine sympathy. With more technical skill than either of these writers, and with more minute accuracy, Mr. Henry James has contrasted American, with English character, and in an impersonal, cosmopolitan spirit has exhibited types of American women and of the worldly and the artistic temperaments; for 'The Portrait of a Lady' was published in 1881, and in 1890 'The Tragic Muse.' Long after Mr. James may be mentioned Mrs. Burnett, for 'Through One Administration,' though her popular sketches of child-life are in a different and more sentimental vein; and Miss Bayler, whose 'On Both Sides' has much of Mr. James's wit with an added dash of caricature.

What is particularly worthy of attention is the skill and enthusiastic sympathy with which novelists have caught and preserved local colors and local types fast disappearing or before unsuspected by most of our countrymen. The Creoles of Louisiana will live for many years at least in the glowing pages of Mr. Cable; the mountaineers of Tennessee in Miss Murfree's 'Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains' and 'Down the Ravine'; the primitive hill-folk of Virginia in Miss Bayler's 'Behind the Blue Ridge' and 'The Graysons' of Edward Eggleston; the Georgia 'coons' in Col. R. M. Johnston's 'Dukesborough Tales'; the wholly uncivilized Negroes of the South in Harris's inimitable sketches, the dialect stories of Nelson Page in 'Befo' de War' and 'In Ole Virginia,' and Edwards's 'Two Runaways'; the pioneers of the Western Reserve in Major Kirkland's 'Zury' and 'The McVeys'; the early settlers in Kansas in Howe's 'Story of a Country Town'; the pathetic lot of old maids in New England villages in Miss Wilkins's 'Humble Romance' and the stories of Miss Jewett; the oddities of an isolated seafaring community in Miss McLean's 'Cape Cod Folks'; the New York Jews in the short tales of Henry Harland; and, longer than all, the Western boy of adventurous devilry in Mr. Clemens's 'Huckleberry Finn.' In spite of occasional over-emphasis of pathos and sentiment, in spite of some exaggeration of dialect, and some crudity of style, these works clearly represent a spirit of scientific investigation, and a deep, human, democratic sympathy, and in a way they may be said to be accomplishing a work of no slight public consequence,—the spiritual and emotional unification of the infinitely varied people of this country that is a continent.

Other novelists there are whose performance is of less national significance. Marion Crawford has published some twelve books of fiction, the best of which are concerned with life in Italy before Garibaldi,—books of easy workmanship, not over-subtle character-drawing, and entertaining movement. Others, like Mrs. Deland in 'John Ward, Preacher,' deal with theological questions—some of them, possibly, inspired by the success of 'Robert Elsmere'; or, like Mr. Bellamy in 'Looking Backward,' aim first and last at establishing a socialistic propaganda; or, like Judge Tourgee in 'An Appeal to Cæsar' and 'H. H.' in 'Ramona,' write with a definite political design. The popularity of Gen. Lew Wallace's 'Ben-Hur,' in spite of brilliant bits of description, would be inexplicable were not its sub-title 'A Tale of the Christ.' The democratization of literature has, perhaps, one of its least admirable results in the enormous vogue of the novels of Mr. Gunter, 'Mr. Barnes of New York,' 'Mr. Potter of Texas,' and 'Miss Nobody from Nowhere,' for they have little to recommend them save a certain *verve* and *élan* of style, and a melodramatic selection and change of scene and incident. The great, simple, serious, good, commonplace public of men and women who are making America what it is, do not care to think in their moments of leisure; they do not understand the analytical novel of Henry James; they are attracted to Mr. Howells, if at all, by his gentle sympathy; but they do take unexciting though real pleasure in virtuous, calmly moving stories with a happy ending, and such stories have been assiduously provided by Mrs. Southworth and the late Rev. E. P. Roe.

One other movement or school, if such words are not too large, needs a moment's reference,—the erotic movement. The greater American novelists have studiously avoided writing a word or a phrase that might not be read aloud in the family circle after tea. By a not unnatural reaction from such restrictions, and partly, perhaps, by the influence of the French short stories from which

our younger writers have learnt so much of technique and choice of words, it came about that suddenly a number of young people—for the most part young women—wrote and published short novels that were read mainly and advertised solely for their immoral—or, as some thought, indecent—suggestiveness. The author of 'The Quick, or the Dead?' was doubtless innocent of any blameworthy intention, but all who followed her were, probably, not so innocent. The work of Mr. Edgar Saltus is also to be distinguished from that of others with which it is often associated; for his vivid, terse, though too often exotic phrases, his swift suggestions of the romance of everyday city life, merit admiration.

The delighted description of scenery and personal notes of life in the fields and woods have become, since the days of Thoreau, more and more interwoven with the woof of fiction. The tradition is, however, still continued by John Burroughs, by Dr. C. C. Abbott, by 'Adirondack' Murray, in a measure by Theodore Roosevelt in his 'Hunting Trips of a Ranchman,' and by Mrs. Custer in her charming, naïve accounts of camp-life with her husband. The most notable book of travels, though not from a literary point of view, is Stanley's 'In Darkest Africa'; from a literary point of view solely, Lafcadio Hearn's 'Two Years in the French West Indies' has unusual technical interest, as a study in word-painting; and Kennan's articles on the Russian administration in Siberia have a humanitarian value that for the moment distracts attention from their literary charm.

It is in autobiography and biography that the best work, excepting fiction, has been done of late years. That such should be the case is natural, for a new generation is now eager to learn the true facts about the great Civil War, and importune the famous leaders of the past before leaving them forever to record their recollections for the sake of their families and their country. Gen. Sheridan, Gen. Sherman, Jefferson Davis, Hugh McCulloch, Mr. Blaine, S. S. Cox, and many others have written personal accounts of the events of which they were a part; but by far the greatest of all is the 'Memoirs of U. S. Grant.' As the simple, forcible self-presentment of an earnest man, of tremendous force of character and calm commonsense, moving in circumstances of vast national consequence appealing powerfully to the imagination, this book is one of the very few that may be expected to be read long into the following century. Hay and Nicolay's 'Abraham Lincoln: A History' is a work of laborious merit; but, perhaps, it will not supersede the more Boswellian and intimate life by Herndon. As the eminent American writers of the middle of the century have passed away, their lives have been written with more or less haste, in one or more volumes. Of the various biographies of Emerson and Longfellow, of Bryant and Motley, of Hawthorne and Poe, of Dana and Garrison, of Agassiz and Ericsson, and of Henry Ward Beecher, that of Longfellow, by his brother, is perhaps most often commended, and that of Poe, by George E. Woodberry, gave the most unexpected information. A book of much professional interest is the Autobiography of Joseph Jefferson. Numerous series of short biographies of 'American Statesmen,' 'American Men-of-Letters,' 'American Religious Leaders' the 'Makers of America,' and others, have appeared for popular edification; in which the work of Prof. W. G. Sumner of Yale is not the least noteworthy.

Turning from biography to history, one notices that, while Bancroft's 'History' has been concluded, and Schouler's, the writing of history has been profoundly modified by the scientific method. Parkman's 'Montcalm and Wolfe' is, perhaps, one of the most perfect examples of the older method, and McMaster's 'History of the People of the United States,' in spite of its minute journalistic accuracy, still exhibits a style that recalls Macaulay. Of more strictly scientific merit, with painstaking accuracy and unwonted impersonality, is Mr. Henry Adams' 'History of the Administrations of Jefferson and Madison'; and unexampled for their wise suggestiveness and cosmical point of view are the exquisitely written volumes of Mr. John Fiske, 'The Critical Period of American History' and 'The Beginnings of New England,' H. C. Lea's 'History of the Inquisition' and Hubert Bancroft's monumental collaborations on the early history of the Pacific Coast are also of first importance. Among the many series, 'The Story of the Nations' and that of the 'American Commonwealths' must be mentioned; and the admirably edited co-operative 'History of the United States,' by Justin Winsor. Some of the best historical work is to be found in the studies, chiefly on local topics, published from time to time by the Johns Hopkins University, and in the addresses of Dr. Andrew D. White. History seems to be becoming more and more a department of rigid science and less associated with literature, strictly so-called. The yearly occurrence lately of centennial celebrations of the battles and epoch-making crises of the Revolution has also evoked innumerable monographs, popular histories, and compendiums of the lives, letters and papers of the founders of the Republic and of the early State documents.



Our political economists have not yet applied the historical method to their science with striking success. From Harvard and Johns Hopkins short essays have appeared of value. President Walker has written with a bias towards protection, and Prof. Sumner, in short trenchant essays, has asserted the ultra-individualistic position.

In literary criticism, also, the scientific method has not generally been applied, in spite of its gradual adoption in France and Germany. In this line Mr. T. S. Perry's 'History of English Literature in the Eighteenth Century,' 'From Opitz to Lessing' and 'History of Greek Literature' are almost the only essays yet attempted, and they are consequently the more stimulating and suggestive. In introductions to translations from Continental novels, and in *Harper's Monthly*, Mr. Howells excites animosity by discussing literary questions from the same point of view; while the analytical method of the French critics is represented by Mr. Henry James in 'Partial Portraits' and his introduction to 'The Odd Number.' The conventional literary criticism, on the other hand, seems to be chiefly continued by Mr. Woodberry, whose volume of essays delights many, and by Mr. Stedman's 'Poets of America,' a book of genial appreciation which delights everybody. Walt Whitman's 'Specimen Days and Collect' is an ever suggestive miscellany of strongly individual criticism and notes of sentiment by one of the most singularly sensitive and sincere individualities of the age.

In art criticism, the evolution of an American school of architecture is the occasion of Mrs. Van Rensselaer's 'H. H. Richardson and his Works,' while the recent interest in the American School at Athens calls attention to Charles Waldstein's 'Essays on the Art of Pheidias,' and the excellence of the art instruction at Harvard is illustrated by Prof. Norton's 'Church Building in the Middle Ages' and Charles H. Moore's 'Gothic Architecture.'

In pure science, Prof. Langley's 'The New Astronomy' and Prof. Young's 'The Sun' are among the few works that show original research and unusual literary skill in presentation, most of our scientific treatises being still either translated from the French or the German, or reprinted or transferred from England.

In philosophy, no notable departure has been made from the European schools, and no important contribution to metaphysical speculation. In 'The Idea of God' and 'The Destiny of Man' Mr. Fiske has tried to reconcile for popular reading religion and science, and Dr. Abbott has made a similar attempt for neo-Hegelians in 'Scientific Theism.' Prof. Royce has given readable *résumés* of the different schools, with a personal tendency towards a form of Berkeleyan idealism. J. B. Stallo's 'Modern Physics' is, perhaps, exceptionally independent and logical; and the same is true of Morton Prince's 'Human Automatism.' Ladd's 'Elements of Physiological Psychology' worthily illustrates the fruitfulness of the modern method in American colleges; which is finally shown to be in line with the most advanced European thought by William James in his 'Psychology,' wherein are incorporated some of the latest results of the study of experimental hypnotism. In theology, the posthumously published sermons of Henry Ward Beecher on Evolution, and the numerous writings of Theodore Munger and the late Elisha Mulford, among other works, show that here as in England the scientific yeast is renovating and modifying in directions not yet finally ascertainable the orthodox dogmas of religion. The period has been especially fertile in encyclopedias, dictionaries, and useful compendiums of every kind, among which must be mentioned 'The Century Dictionary' and Stedman and Hutchinson's 'Library of American Literature.'

In conclusion, apology may be made for not finding a suitable niche and appropriate comments for Mr. Ward McAllister's 'Society as I Have Found It.'

GEORGE PELLEW.

### The Lounger

M. DUMAS has written a play and submitted it to a Paris manager. The fame of M. Dumas is great, and his works are always in demand. For the play he has just written he could command a high price, but he promises to give it to the manager who accepts it. Yet its acceptance, incredible as this may seem, is a matter of doubt. 'It is so immoral,' you say to yourself, 'that even Paris cannot be expected to swallow it.' On the contrary, it is not a whit more so than any previous *morceau* from the same fertile brain—and immorality is still at par in Paris. 'I give it up, then,' I hear you say—unless you chance to have read the newspaper paragraph from which my own information is derived. If you have done that, you will know that M. Dumas has had his new play copied out in a non-literary hand (presumably, therefore, a legible one) and signed with a false name, and has sent the MS. to

one of the leading managers. If it is rejected, another manager will be given a chance to accept it, and yet another; and the lucky one who has the gumption to take it on its merits will get a splendidly advertised play for nothing. M. Dumas has done what he has done, and made the fact public, in the hope of stimulating the Paris managers to pay more heed to the MSS. of unknown authors that may come into their hands. For a while, at least, they may be depended upon to do so—and one of them will find that he has been entertaining an angel unawares.

MR. T. C. CRAWFORD, who writes syndicate letters of a personal and descriptive nature from Washington every week, published one recently which contained an interesting interview with Mr. Henry O. Houghton, who was at the Capital looking after the interests of the International Copyright bill. In the course of their conversation Mr. Houghton admitted that publishers were not infallible (there seems to be an opinion among people that they ought to be, if they are not), and he told how he and others had declined a certain manuscript which, when published by a New York house, sold to the extent of 60,000 copies. It is not always the best book, however, he admitted, that has the largest sale. The phenomenal sale of 'Looking Backward,' for instance, was very largely due to the times. It appeared just at the moment when it was calculated to attract the most attention. The same might be said of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin': the time was ripe for it. A little earlier, or even a little later, it might have fallen comparatively flat, as it did when it made its first appearance, as a serial. Mr. Houghton says, by the way, that its sale still averages about 30,000 copies a year.

PUBLISHERS, as a rule, said Mr. Houghton, prefer a book with a steady sale from year to year to one with a short though enormous 'sensational' sale. It seems to me that a good deal depends upon circumstances. I don't see why it is not just as well to sell 100,000 copies of a book inside of six months as to spread the same sale over six years. The profit is just as great, and it is made much sooner. We often see the legend 'Quick sales and small profits' over the door of a shop; so if quick sales and small profits are worth having, why are not quick sales and large profits even more desirable? I can easily understand, though, that a sale of 300,000 copies in ten years is better than a sale of 100,000 confined to a single month.

J. M. A. SENDS a new word from Ottawa:— 'A little friend of mine in his anxiety to express the difference between a right angle and an acute angle, said that the former was much larger than the latter, but if you were to *smellen* the right angle you would have an acute angle. Permit me to suggest—if it be not too late—that the editor of "The Century Dictionary" take into account the new word thus coined by a six-year-old boy; for I submit that the idea it conveys cannot be otherwise expressed without a cumbersome circumlocution.'

MR. JACOB A. RIIS, who has just told one-half the world 'How the Other Half Lives' ('How the Other Half-Lives' would express it better), came hither from Ribe, Denmark, at the age of about twenty. He had learned English by reading Dickens, and his coming to America was due in part to his appreciative reading of Cooper's tales. He is now about forty, and for fourteen years, off and on, has been a police reporter in this city. To certain inquiries addressed to him by the Lounger, Mr. Riis makes this modest and manly reply:—

'I am not a literary man—only a plain newspaper reporter (a good one, I hope), and that is really the height of my ambition. I never wrote a book in my life before, and only wrote this one because I knew of this thing and no one else seemed to be there to take it up. I have spoken on this subject—they call it "lectured," but there is no lecture about it—whenever and wherever the opportunity has offered, for three or four years. The book was written because somebody *had* to do it. Oddly enough, the simple telling of that which everyone can see for himself, and should see for himself, seems to have struck lots of people "all of a heap." The subject is not exhausted. As far as I am concerned, I stand merely upon the threshold. If any new light comes to me, if there is more to tell which no one else who could say it better seems willing to speak, I shall do it myself as a plain duty. That is the only condition under which I can conceive of my writing another book. Meanwhile, I mean to keep on talking about it in the churches (when they will let me in), in the colleges, and among the people who, I conceive, should *know*, as a Christian duty, before they can turn to and do their share toward helping us out of the mire.'

'AS TO THE pronunciation of my name,' Mr. Riis continues, replying to another of my questions, 'it is as if written *Rees*. I am the last of that name, of a dozen brothers, and I will never change

the spelling of it as has been suggested, for it is an honorable name.' The author of the recent *exposé* of New York tenement-house life has himself done much to make the name honorable.

IT IS ONLY a week since I called attention to the marriage of a Japanese graduate of Johns Hopkins to a young lady of Philadelphia—a Quakeress, whose faith her husband had generously embraced; and now comes news of the engagement of a white woman to an Indian. The following 'special' from Washington appeared in last Saturday's *Evening Post* :—

Word has reached Washington that Miss Elaine Goodale, the poet and philanthropist, who is now at work in the Sioux country as Superintendent of Schools, is engaged to be married to Dr. Charles A. Eastman, the full-blooded Sioux who was graduated last summer from the Boston University, and whose letters descriptive of the recent troubles near Pine Ridge Agency have been widely published. Dr. Eastman took his professional degree at the Harvard Medical School.

SIMULTANEOUSLY with this announcement comes an appeal from Miss Goodale, dated Pine Ridge Agency, South Dakota, Jan. 2, for 'food, clothing, bedding and everything else,' to use in caring for the wounded victims of our humane Indian 'policy.' Miss Goodale has the companionship at Pine Ridge Agency of a congenial Indian soul, Mrs. T. H. Tibbles ('Bright Eyes'), the war-correspondent of the Omaha *World-Herald*. She and her sister, Miss Dora Reade Goodale, have been known in the literary world since 1878, when they brought out a volume called 'Apple-Blossoms: Verses of Two Children.' Elaine was then fifteen and Dora twelve. They afterwards published 'In Berkshire with the Wild Flowers' (1879), 'Verses from Sky Farm' (1880), and 'All Round the Year' (1881). For some years Miss Goodale taught the young Indians at Hampton Institute, Virginia; then she became a teacher in the Government schools for Indians in South Dakota; and last year all of these were put under her superintendence. Her marriage will excite surprise only among those unenlightened whites who think the Indian incapable of cultivation.

AT THE TIME of the death of Dennis M. Bunker, an engraving of his picture 'The Mirror' was being printed in *The Century* for February in the series of pictures by American artists.

*The Critic's* Boston correspondent called attention on Dec. 27 to the slip made by Mr. Charles Francis Adams, in his admirable *Life of the late Richard H. Dana*, when he says, in the chapter entitled 'Reminiscences,' that the subject of that work confined his reading within very narrow lines, that he was unfamiliar with Thackeray, Hawthorne, Carlyle, Emerson, Tennyson, etc., and shut himself against the theories of Darwin, Spencer and Huxley. These statements were not seen by Mr. Dana's family until the book was out, or they would have suggested the corrections a second edition will probably show. As a matter of fact, Mr. Dana delighted in 'Pendennis,' 'Vanity Fair,' and many of Thackeray's shorter works. He read all Hawthorne's writings as they came out, except (accidentally) 'The Marble Faun,' which he read later. He was so familiar with Carlyle that he would quote from him pages together, in a way that would make his family wonder at his verbal memory. The same with Macaulay. He knew many of Tennyson's poems by heart, and was constantly repeating them. Dickens he revelled in. He did own some volumes of Emerson, read Lowell and Holmes with great pleasure, and cried over 'Evangeline.' His knowledge of Milton was not confined to the 'Hymn on the Nativity,' for he had read his entire poetical works and most of his prose works besides. In fiction his reading ranged from Sterne, Richardson, Fielding, Miss Burney, Miss Edgeworth, Miss Austin, Cooper, Scott, Dickens, Bulwer, Thackeray, Charlotte Brontë and Hawthorne to Miss Bremer, Miss Yonge, George Eliot (whose 'Middlemarch' especially profoundly impressed him), Holmes, Trollope, Black, Clark Russell, and even Miss Broughton's 'Nancy'!

KEBLE'S 'Christian Year,' on the contrary, was not a *vade mecum* of his; he had no patience with that sort of verse, and threw it aside after a mere glance. He read widely in history of all ages, and by authors of all opinions, from such extremes as Gibbon and Lingard. He also kept up well in philosophy, was well read in Bacon, Locke, Kant, Leibnitz, and followed carefully the writings of Darwin and Huxley, giving them deep thought. He did not oppose or condemn their theories, but only what he deemed the extreme and often illogical conclusions drawn by some of their followers. Mr. Adams commits a slight anachronism in expecting Mr. Dana to feel any great interest in Browning, Tennyson, Darwin and Huxley as early as 1856. It was later that they became so famous.

## International Copyright

SENATOR PLATT had hoped to call up the copyright bill on Monday, but so much of the 'morning hour' was taken up by the bill establishing the Record and Pension Division of the War Department, that it was useless to try to do so. Mr. Platt explained to the Senate his reason for not calling up the measure, and announced that he would ask for its consideration at the earliest possible moment after the Finance bill was out of the way. To his surprise, Mr. Paddock announced that at the earliest possible moment he would ask the Senate to take up the Pure Food bill. Mr. Platt asked if it was his intention to antagonize with the latter bill the motion to take up the copyright bill. He was told that Mr. Paddock meant to do exactly that thing. Mr. Plumb also announced his intention of antagonizing the measure. The sentiment of the Senate is understood to be almost unanimous in favor of International Copyright, but by enlisting the services of two or three members, the interested opponents of the reform may block its progress as effectually as by an adverse vote.

## Boston Letter

THE newspapers have mentioned the fact that Prof. Ernest F. Fenollosa has become connected with the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, but the character of his position and his qualifications for it, together with the unprecedented honors which have been paid to him in Japan are known to comparatively few persons. His appointment as Curator of all the Japanese collections in the Museum is not only justified by his special knowledge and experience, but in securing his services the institution has been more fortunate than if it had obtained the most distinguished authority on Japanese art in Europe to superintend its treasures. For Prof. Fenollosa has occupied for some years in Japan a position in relation to the art and archaeology of the country beyond that which any other foreigner has approached.

As an officer of the Department of Education he has been the organizer and virtual director of the Government School of Fine Arts. As an officer of the Imperial Household he has been immediately connected with the Government Museums including the private collections of the Mikado. He has been repeatedly sent by the Government on expeditions of archaeological exploration, and his discoveries are famous among the Japanese, though as yet unpublished in the West.

Prof. Fenollosa's historical and critical knowledge of the art of Japan, from the broad facts of the rise and fall of the schools down to the minute details of the technique of individual artists, is beyond that of any living authority, native or foreign. This has been recognized by the Japanese artists in his formal adoption into the family of artists who for nearly three centuries have been the hereditary court painters of the Tycoons. No other foreigner has ever received this honor. His pre-eminence has been recognized by the Mikado in the award of a decoration for special service in the imperial household never before conferred upon a foreigner. It may be added that the scope and thoroughness of his knowledge are equalled by his ease and power in imparting it. Prof. Fenollosa is a graduate of Harvard of the class of 1874, among his classmates being Richard H. Dana and Nathan Haskell Dole.

The growing demand for the publication, in book form, of the speeches of Wendell Phillips, of which comparatively few have appeared in print, has led Lee & Shepard to prepare two volumes, the first of which will be issued in the spring and the second in the autumn. It will be remembered that a volume of his speeches and lectures was published during his lifetime, but as this was issued twenty years before his death it lacks some of his most characteristic productions, besides those of an earlier date. The first of the two forthcoming volumes will contain selections from Phillips's miscellaneous speeches and lectures delivered before and after 1861. Each speech is to be prefaced with a note concerning the occasion. Some of them will be for the first time written out from the shorthand notes of the most skilful phonographer of his day, J. M. Y. Yarrinton. Readers of the previous volume of Phillips's speeches will remember their close reproduction of his words, and this is due to the same skilful hand.

Among the speeches in the first volume will be the famous anti-slavery one delivered at Lynn in 1838, 'Woman's Rights and Woman's Duties,' 'The Puritan Principle and John Brown,' 'The Labor Question,' 'The Eight Hour Movement,' and 'The Education of the People.' Notable addresses are 'The Lesson of President Lincoln's Death,' 'A Tribute to Theodore Parker,' and 'The Pulpit' (a discourse delivered to Parker's old religious society). The famous lecture on 'The Lost Arts,' that on 'Daniel O'Connell,' 'The Scholar in the Republic,' and the appeal for saving the Old South will also be included in this volume. The second volume will contain Phillips's letters and addresses connected with the



anti-slavery conflict, showing his development as an orator and a defender of the cause which enlisted his most brilliant powers.

Of the illustrated books recently published by Lee & Shepard, 'From an Old Love-Letter,' by Miss Irene Jerome, and 'Summerland,' by Mrs. Margaret Pullman, have been particularly successful, presenting phases of nature and art that appeal to popular taste as well as to critical judgment.

The second volume of H. Von Sybel's 'Founding of the German Empire,' which will be published shortly by T. Y. Crowell & Co., will be illustrated by a portrait of Bismarck. The book has been admirably translated by Prof. M. L. Perrin of Boston University, assisted by Mr. Gamaliel Bradford, Jr. It has had a remarkable popularity in Germany, where 50,000 copies have been sold.

James Jeffrey Roche has finished his life of John Boyle O'Reilly, which will be issued the second week in February by the Cassell Publishing Co. It will contain fresh and interesting matter about the early days of the poet; and his experiences in English prisons, as well as in the penal colony of western Australia, will be brought out with greater fullness than has ever been attempted before, while that memorable escape will be narrated in detail. A feature of the book is the preface by Cardinal Gibbons, which is most earnest in eulogy of O'Reilly's character and abilities, and is in a vein of thoughtful and tender appreciation of the value of his services to humanity. Mrs. O'Reilly is to edit her husband's literary productions, which will include a number of poems that he left unrevised and some of which are in his best vein, and also his most notable speeches. There will be several excellent illustrations in the volume. The frontispiece is a photogravure of O'Reilly. Views of his home in Ireland, the vessel in which he escaped from Australia, his house in Hull and his library in Charlestown, will be supplemented by facsimiles of his letters written on scraps of paper while in prison, and a picture of his burial-place in Holyhood Cemetery, Brookline, at the foot of the great boulder that seems to symbolize his strength of character.

Prof. Charles G. D. Roberts, the Canadian poet, whose work is familiar to readers of *The Century*, has been warmly welcomed during his visit to Boston. He was a guest at the last dinner of the Papyrus Club, and Mrs. Moulton gave a reception for him.

BOSTON, Jan. 12, 1891.

ALEXANDER YOUNG.

### London Letter

WHAT becomes of all the Christmas books which remain unsold after Christmas is over? Do they sell at any other season of the year, or do they not? I can tell you of a few that will. 'John Chinaman' will. 'John Chinaman,' by Rowe Lingstone, is to my mind *facile princeps* of all the gay, enticing publications specially got up for the little ones by their special friends, Messrs. Griffiths, Farren & Co. Griffiths, Farren & Co. lead the van in the matter of children's books, at present. A member of the firm was interviewed lately in the matter, and the result was an article in *The Pall Mall Gazette*, headed 'How Children's Books are Made,' which at once showed that Mr. C. Welsh (the author of those charming papers on 'The Babee's Book' in *Newberry House Magazine*, by the way) was master of his subject at all points. None of the Christmas books sent me last week surpass in general excellence those issued from Newberry House, and I would especially commend 'The Girl's Own Poetry Book,' as a delightful and comprehensive collection of poems, suitable for a gift-book to girls, or to boys possessed of a vein of poetic feeling. (Some boys actually have this, strange as it may seem.)

'The Little Princess Angel,' 'Mademoiselle,' and 'Shreds and Patches' are all books such as children love. These last come from Messrs. Walter Smith & Jones, who tell me they are taking a new departure with their special periodical *The Monthly Packet*,—a departure which, it must be confessed, is not a little needed. *The Monthly Packet*, under the presidency of Miss Yonge, has run along on its little wheels in its little circle long enough. It had got into one of those fatal grooves from which it is well nigh impossible to emerge. To speak broadly, no one read it but those who wrote in it. Moreover, it may be questioned whether even at the very strict liturgical deanery or parsonage into which it found its monthly way, it was hailed with any real enthusiasm of spirit. Accounts of Sunday-school love-making and church-decorations leading to bridal decorations pall even upon the best regulated mind, after a time. Well, now *The Monthly Packet* has got a new and spirited sub-editor; it is to be greatly enlarged; it hopes that some of the popular writers for the day will contribute to its pages; and it actually proposes to be 'up to date' in all departments. Our best wishes go with the gallant little bark.

For reading aloud in the family circle, for a book club, or for an invalid's sick-room, I can think of no more welcome moderate-

sized volume than 'Mrs. Thrale,' which gives the best and brightest account of Dr. Johnson's fascinating fine lady friend imaginable. Hitherto Mrs. Thrale has only shot across the ponderous 'Bozzy,' or the more sparkling Essays of Macaulay; flitting in and out of these in a manner at once tantalizing and disappointing. Now Mr. L. B. Seeley, who lately treated us to that bright book 'Fanny Burney and Her Friends,' has given us 'Mrs. Thrale' at full length. The latter makes an excellent sequel to the former.

A word about more imposing literature. From Messrs. Seeley also comes 'The Laureate's Country,' a book to dream over. This handsome creation deals with places connected with Lord Tennyson's life from infancy upwards. It is exquisitely illustrated from drawings by Mr. E. Hall, and the letterpress is by Mr. Alfred Church. Among the anecdotes is this rather amusing one showing the slight appreciation shown the Laureate in youth, by older members of his family. They do not seem to have been surprised by the turn his genius took, but simply to have undervalued it. Thus, when his grandfather was told, 'Your grandson Alfred has made a volume of poems,' he replied indifferently, 'I had sooner have heard he had made a wheelbarrow.' Not the sort of grandfather to have at Christmas time, was he?

In another note is 'The First Crossing of Greenland,' by Fridtjof Nansen, translated from the Norwegian by Mr. Gepp. (Longmans, Green & Co.) This is a stirring and thrilling account of a great undertaking. There are maps, woodcuts, and every kind of literary luxury in attendance; and with a disengaged mind, and a shaded lamp, and a broad armchair, no one need wish for a pleasanter companion wherewith to beguile the hour before dinner so dear to a reader's heart.

I spent that hour, the other day, over an article in *Longman's* yeclipt 'Lincolnshire.' It contained many curious items of information, and certainly vindicated the character of the fen country from the aspersion it has long lain under, of being incapable of either producing or fostering talent. It was—perhaps it is still—a popular delusion that the long reaches of marshy land and the moist atmosphere induced thereby, made and kept the wits of men and women stagnant. In refutation of this theory, the writer of 'Lincolnshire' simply gives a list of Lincolnshire born and bred geniuses, heading it with the name of Sir Isaac Newton, the two Wesleys, Lord Tennyson and Miss Jean Ingelow. It would take some other English counties all their time to beat this record.

The Christmas magazines are hardly as good as usual this year. Indeed, no one calls for special mention.

Tall and short, slim and stout, bound this way, that way, every way, are the Diaries for 1891. Never was any moment more prolific in Diaries; but do people ever keep Diaries now-a-days? Brief jottings down of the day's work to be used as references in cases of future need, surely that is about all our hurrying, scrambling pens can accomplish; and perhaps there is no one living but will acknowledge it is as well that the longwinded, introspective, ejaculatory and altogether artificial Diary of the past is gone never to return.

Anent Christmas cards, they were more numerous than ever, and I think prettier than ever, this year. A great many people, however, chose the simple lettering in gilt or silver of their names and greetings to the recipient. This saved trouble; but it was a trifle dull. In spite of Mr. F. Anstey's chapter on 'Christmas Cards' in his 'Voces Populi,' I had several most amusing visits to the great card places, and chose with much anxious care and thought suitable reminders. But how like were the people one met with, bent on the same errand, to the people in the 'Voces Populi'! The very things took place to my own hearing and seeing which Mr. Anstey has so merrily depicted in his delightful little volume.

What with the skating, and the fogs, and the general revival of trade, London was in a pretty state of mind, all last week. The three days preceding Christmas Day were ideal days to any one in the frame of Dickens's hero of the 'Carol' after his ghostly experiences. Had the reformed Scrooge mingled with the joyous, hurrying crowds which filled the streets, suffocated the shops, and wedged themselves into the trains and omnibuses during those three days, he would have had his fill of Christmas jollification. Everyone was good humored, but everyone was bent on business; and how we got through it all and live to tell the tale, is almost beyond comprehension. One skeleton of the fray was, however, everywhere visible, and he has not, I think, been duly recognized hitherto. This is the mournful, melancholy man who has been told by his energetic spouse 'just to sit still for a moment' while she flies from counter to counter. He does sit still—an uncomplaining monument of patience—a spectacle for gods and men. His long countenance growing ever more and more fixed and rigid, his vacant eyes gradually losing all expression whatever, his calm hands folded on the top of his stick, which he holds between his knees,—

he sits, and sits. He was always sitting whenever I came across him. I never saw him, this typical Briton, sit down—I never saw him rise. For aught I know, he and thousands of others of his kind are sitting thus at this moment.

LONDON, Dec. 29.

L. B. WALFORD.

### The Century Club in its New Home

BISHOP POTTER presided at the annual meeting of the Century Club on Saturday, Jan. 10, the occasion being noteworthy as the first reunion of the Club in its beautiful new home on the north side of Forty-third Street, a few doors west of Fifth Avenue. Over 600 members and their friends were present, and admiration of the club-house was freely expressed by all. President Huntington was kept away by illness, and a resolution of regret was forwarded to him; the Hon. John Bigelow, second Vice-President, was also absent, being abroad with his family. The Treasurer reported a surplus of \$20,000 over and above expenses for 1890; and Prof. W. P. Trowbridge of Columbia, Henry F. Spaulding, Charles C. Beaman, George Blagden, and William Bispham, who constitute the Building Committee, presented accounts showing that \$183,622 had been expended on construction, \$34,532 on furnishing and equipment, and that other expenses, commissions, etc., had brought the total disbursement up to \$227,673. As the club appropriated \$235,000 for building purposes, an unexpended balance of \$7,327 remains. The following officers were unanimously elected:—President, Daniel Huntington; First Vice-President, Bishop Henry C. Potter; Second, John Bigelow; Secretary, Henry E. Howland; Treasurer, J. Hampden Robb; Trustees—Richard T. Auchmuty, William P. Chambers, William H. Draper, Lockwood De Forest, James Jackson Higginson, Richard M. Hunt, Edward H. Kendall, George L. Rives, Alfred Roelker, Philip Schaff, Edmund C. Stedman, Wordsworth Thompson, William H. Thompson, Louis C. Tiffany, William P. Trowbridge, George C. Wheelock; Committee on Admissions (to serve for three years)—Edgar S. Auchincloss, Addison Brown, Laurence Hutton, Charles McBurney, Charles Macdonald, Charles Scribner, Walter Shirlaw. The Players, Manhattan and University Clubs opened their doors to the Century's members during the time between the closing of the old house at 103 East 15th Street and the occupation of the new. As the latter will not be fully opened and in running order and as meals will not be served there until the latter part of the month, the Players' invitation has been extended till then.

### M. Feuillet's Age

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

Allow me to call your attention to the fact that M. Octave Feuillet, at the time of his death, was in his sixty-eighth and not seventy-eighth year, as stated in your obituary notice of him. I make this statement on the authority of M. Feuillet himself. Having written a paragraph for the American papers, calling attention to the veteran author's continued literary activity at his advanced age, and giving the year of his birth as 1812, according to the figures in 'Men of the Time' and Vapereau's 'Dictionnaire des Contemporains,' which I enclosed to M. Feuillet, he wrote me, under date of '27 Mars, 1888,' as follows:—'Quoi que je ne suis pas né en 1812, comme le dit le Journal, mais en 1822, ce qui est déjà bien suffisant; ma santé est fort mauvaise.' Indeed, the closing years of the novelist's career were filled with both physical and mental suffering, being rendered unutterably sad by the death of his only son, whom he idolized. Prostrated by the blow, he at first announced that he would never publish again, and discontinued work upon a nearly completed romance, first entitled 'Un Artiste.' He was subsequently induced to print a comedy, and in the spring of 1890 finished and issued his last work, 'Honneur d'Artiste.'

The various obituary notices neglected to mention M. Feuillet's long connection with the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, in which the majority of his romances were first published, as co-editor. With this veteran periodical, itself a record of the progress of French thought for half a century, M. Feuillet was closely identified. Living in the delightful Quartier Monceau when in Paris, with a charming country house not far away, the author of 'The Romance of a Poor Young Man,' by which he is probably best known to the English-reading public, was surrounded by all that could render old age tolerable. That his end was not peaceful and painless must be a cause of regret, not only to his immediate friends, but even to those who had only known him through his works.

NEW YORK, Jan. 8, 1891.

J. HENRY HAGER.

(Translator of M. Feuillet's 'Roman d'un Jeune Homme Pauvre,' 'La Mort' (Alette) and 'Honneur d'Artiste'.)

### The Fine Arts

#### Book-Bindings at the Grolier

THE EXHIBITION of modern bindings at the Grolier Club, Dec. 24 to Jan. 12, showed unmistakable signs of deterioration in the art. The great majority of the good bindings were by men either dead or retired from business, or whose retirement may be looked for soon. Of their successors very few show the same workmanlike qualities. Clumsiness and impatience in the preparatory stages of the work go hand in hand with crude efforts at originality or display in the finishing. Besides the really artistic work of Trautz-Bauzonnet, the tasteful bindings of the elder Matthews, Hardy, Thiebaron and Capé, the solidity of Bedford and Chambolle-Duru, the present generation has little to offer but showy bindings no more to be regarded as works of arts than so many pieces of ordinary decorated China. The only exception of note was the English binder, Cobden-Sanderson, who unites taste and skill in an uncommon degree. Unusual skill in a line of work which has little to do with bookbinding proper was shown by Meunier, in covers decorated with plaques of enamel, porcelain or faience. An embroidered book-cover by Miss May Morris, daughter of the poet William Morris, was worthy of notice, and there were many elaborate designs in mosaic which would win praise if the will were to be taken for the deed; but it was only necessary to compare them with a binding by Trautz to see that they did not deserve to be classed as artistic productions. In the plainest of the Trautz bindings, the cover was admirably shaped, slightly convex, rounded delicately at the edges and corners; the morocco was carefully polished so as to develop the slight irregularities of texture and give variety of tone; the book shut 'like a box' when laid flat; the ornament, never excessive, was distributed with an exquisite sense of proportion. Anything, so treated, would become a work of art. But in the more modern section were covers which bulged, or turned up at the edges, or were flat as a board; all the life was remorselessly crushed out of the leather, which, in some instances, had already begun to crack at the joints; and this bad work was covered up with a profusion of tooling and inlaying, devoid of interest except such as occasionally came of a desperate search after novelty. Decidedly, if rich amateurs can procure nothing better than such as a large part of what was shown at this exhibition, book-binding must be in a bad way.

#### Pictures and Textiles at the Union League

THE DISPLAY of American paintings at the Union League Club on Jan. 8-10 was one of the most attractive exhibitions of the season. It included still-life, landscapes and figure subjects of more than ordinary merit. Mr. Kenyon Cox has never done anything better than his 'Landscape,' a river view, with a rocky islet jutting out from a low, wooded shore. Its atmospheric quality, breadth and harmony of touch place it, in our opinion, on a line with the best landscapes of the century. Mr. George Inness's larger painting, also a river view, but seen from a height, after sundown, is a fine, glowing twilight effect, picturesque with shadowy woods and animated with sails and row-boats. Mr. J. F. Murphy's 'Autumn' is strong though mannered; Mr. Carlton Wiggins's 'The Early Moon,' a sheep pasture near the sandy promontories and blue inlets of Long Island Sound, is very successful in its rendering of values; Mr. C. T. Chapman's 'Low Tide' is an excellent study of a stony beach, brown with seaweed; and Mr. William A. Coffin's 'Twilight' is a pleasing 'impression' of long lines of wood and level clouds. The black and white cow which is being milked in the centre of Mr. Horatio Walker's 'Morning' landscape can almost be heard to low across the intervening green meadow. Mr. Winslow Homer's 'Eight Bells,' Mr. Robert Reid's little girl in 'Summer Sunshine' and Mr. Irving R. Wiles's 'Arrangement in Light Tones,' the most important element of which has turned her back on the spectator, were the best figure pieces.

As the pictures filled all the wall-space in both galleries, the theatre was given over to the accompanying exhibition of textiles. There were Persian rugs of elaborate design and sober hue, barbaric crimson and gold vestures from Kairwan, rude needlework pictures of the Passion, Boucher tapestries, and court dresses, French and Japanese, that had been worn at Versailles and Kioto. Two small but select collections of Chinese porcelains, presented to the Club by members of the Art Committee, occupy cases in the larger gallery. One holds a number of good blue and white specimens, the other a representative collection of 'solid color' pieces, *sang de bœuf*, coral, mustard, turquoise, mirror black, etc.

#### Art Notes

MR. W. W. STORY, the American sculptor and poet, whose home is the Palazzo Barberini, Rome, is modeling a figure of Christ,



dressed in the Oriental Jewish robes, with the *kafyeh* (couvre-chef, kerchief) on his head—the usual head-dress in the Moslem East where the turban is not worn. This, presumably, is the costume he actually wore, though it is not that in which the artists have seen fit to represent him, preferring, for some reason or other, to depict him in what are intended for Roman robes. One hand is on his heart, the other extended before him; and he is supposed to be saying 'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden.' Mr. Story is also at work upon a group of an angel conducting a spirit into Paradise, the title being 'Into the Silent Land.' Moreover, he has in his studio the statue of Bryant designed at the request of a committee which has (or had) in charge the erection of a monument to the distinguished poet. It shows him in an attitude of meditation, leaning on the trunk of a tree (as indicating his special love of nature), and holding his soft felt hat in his hand.

—The sixty-fourth annual exhibition of the National Academy of Design will be opened on April 6 and close on May 15. For full particulars exhibitors should address Mr. C. S. Farrington, Superintendent.

—The thirteenth exhibition of the Society of American Artists will be opened to the public at the Fifth Avenue Art Galleries on Monday, April 27, and closed on Saturday, May 23. The annual Webb Prize of \$300 for the best landscape painted by an American under forty years of age, will be awarded by vote of the jury. For full particulars, and blanks, intending exhibitors should address the secretary, Mr. W. A. Coffin, at 138 West 55th Street.

—'The Angelus' went home to France last Saturday on the Gascogne, under charge of Mr. R. Austin Robertson of the American Art Association. It went back in the red plush-lined case in which it arrived in this country, inclosed in a hermetically sealed tin case covered by a stout wooden box.

—Each number of Mr. George F. Kelley's monthly *American Etcher and Art Review* in 1891 will be supplemented by an etching by an American artist and a full-page color-plate.

—'It is amazing, but nevertheless true,' says Mr. Yates, 'that Charles Keene, who within the memory of man never treated himself to a new coat, whose sole indulgences were the Arts Club and a "shag" of tobacco, which he stuffed into his little black "cutty," and who had no shyness in owning that he did not spend 200*l.* a year, has died worth no less a sum than 30,000*l.*'

—Auguste Louis Marie Ottin, the French sculptor, is dead at the age of seventy-nine. A pupil of David d'Angers and of the Ecole des Beaux Arts, he obtained the Grand Prix de Sculpture at the Concours of 1836 with his statue of 'Socrate Buvant la Ciguë.' He had received the decoration of the Legion of Honor. Announcement is also made of the death of another prolific French sculptor, Aimé Millet, at the age of seventy-four.

—Mr. A. Muller Ury shows at his studio in the Sherwood building a striking likeness of Mr. Chauncey M. Depew, three-quarters length; an etching of the same gentleman, which is soon to be published by Knoedler & Co.; a portrait of Mrs. Theodore Havemeyer in white furs, and one of Capt. Wiltze in full uniform.

—'The December number of *Le Livre Moderne*,' says the *Times*, 'contains on page 369 a pretty tailpiece. It is a view of a library room made by Edwin J. Meeker. Even Mr. Octave Uzanne does not know, and all bibliophiles will be glad to learn, that it is a faithful picture of the library room of Mr. William L. Andrews, President of the Grolier Club.'

### Mr. Haggard en route to Mexico

[The New York Times, Sunday, Jan. 11.]

IN THE PARLOR of the Victoria Hotel last night, from 7 o'clock to 7:30, a tall, lank, middle-aged man was fidgeting about in an alleged easy chair, tying his legs into bow-knots and doing everything with his hands that the hands of a naturally awkward man ever did do when he was in a state of nervousness.

The man was H. Rider Haggard of Ditchingham, England, author of 'She,' 'Jess,' 'King Solomon's Mines,' 'Allen Quatermain,' and many other popular novels. He had arrived from England on the Etruria and had just reached the hotel, having been detained on the dock for over an hour waiting for the examination of his luggage. During the half-hour referred to he was undergoing examination by eight or ten newspaper men, and he apparently enjoyed the inquisition about as much as he would have enjoyed it if he had been furnishing data for an obituary notice that was to appear in the Sunday morning papers.

'How did you enjoy your interview with the Customs officers?' 'How do you like New York?' 'Where are you going when you leave here and what for?' 'How old are you?' 'What is your opinion about the elevated railroad?' 'How do American reporters compare with the reporters in England?' These and scores of other questions were fired at the victim of newspaper enterprise.

He said that the Customs officers treated him civilly, that he guessed that he should like New York, and that he was going down to Mexico to get material for a new story; that he was thirty-four years old, and he affirmed positively that there were no reporters in England, or rather that he did not know of his own knowledge that there were.

Then somebody asked him where he got his materials for his African stories, and he said in Africa. He had lived in Africa, he said. 'You are not an African—that is to say, you were not born in Africa, were you?' inquired another man. 'Oh, no,' was the answer; 'I was born in England.' 'And do you consider that you have exhausted Africa?' resumed African explorer No. 1. 'I guess not,' said Mr. Haggard, giving three quick turns to the collar-button at the back of his neck. 'How about Rudyard Kipling and India?' asked one of the inquisitors to whom the questions about Africa had given a suggestion. 'Has Kipling exhausted India?' 'Dear me,' answered Mr. Haggard, 'I should guess not. India is a pretty big country.' 'How do you do your work?' asked another man. 'Oh, any way that I can. Sometimes one way, sometimes another.' 'Dictate it?' 'No, I write it.' 'Work nights?' 'Oh, yes, sometimes, but I don't do much night work.' Then came this astonishing question: 'Do you make your plots before you write your stories, or do you write your stories first?' 'Undoubtedly,' said the novelist, throwing a pitying glance at the inquirer, 'I make the plots before I finish the stories.'

Mr. Haggard did not urge his torturers to remain after they showed their readiness to leave. Mrs. Haggard accompanies her husband, and will stay in his company during the time that he may devote to the study of Mexican archæology. Mr. Haggard, as stated, is a tall man, probably over six feet high, somewhat loosely put together, with a slight stoop of the shoulders. He has dark hair, but the delicate mustache which adorns his lip is quite light in color. A long, pointed nose gives his face a thinnish appearance, but a careful look at him shows that he has a full forehead and that his eyes are well apart. He has an agreeable manner and a pleasant smile. When he shakes hands he gives a quick, nervous grip, and he simultaneously gives a pull sufficiently strong to take a man who has not good understanding quite off his feet.

[The New York Tribune]

'I shall stay in New York only a few days,' said Mr. Haggard, 'and then go to the City of Mexico by rail. I have a friend there to whom I am, as it were, consigned, and have not yet formulated my plans for movements when I reach there. I purpose writing, if the material warrants, a story of the Aztec Empire, and will lay the date of the story about the time of the Conquest. It is absolutely impossible to write a story of the kind unless one has been in the country. I wrote my African stories after a long residence in that country, where I was a Government official. I believe that all the more important narratives of the Spanish "Conquistadors" have been translated into French, none, so far as I know, into English. I have purposely refrained from reading Gen. Wallace's novel of "The Fair God," for the reason that I make it a rule never to read a novel on the same subject as that on which I myself am about to write.'

### The Brayton Ives Collection

[The New York Tribune]

THE Brayton Ives book, manuscript and art collection, which, as was stated in yesterday's *Tribune*, will be sold at the American Art Association Galleries early in March, is a splendid example of what may be accomplished by the infusion of a little method into the enthusiastic zeal of the collector. Mr. Ives began to collect about twenty years ago, as the consequence of a course of historical study; and, by the avoidance of hap-hazard buying, and the pursuit of a definite object in his work, he is the owner of one of the finest private collections in this or any other country. It is estimated to be worth in money well over \$500,000, and its value to the cosmopolitan circle of art and book lovers is immeasurable.

Mr. Ives's collection of Americana is one that would adorn a great National museum, if there were one in this country. The collector showed in his acquisition of his American series of rarities the same method and purpose that he displayed in the other branches of his collection. He began by getting local histories of towns and cities. Next he gathered matter that had reference to Indian fights. From that he went back to accounts of the settlements of New England and Virginia. Continuing his retrogressive search, Mr. Ives now looked out for English accounts of how the expeditions to America were sent forth. Back of these, of course, lay the still older narratives of the American discoveries, and that division of the series was a natural bridge to the next and last, the

remotest of all—the histories, voyages and discoveries of Cortes, Vespuccius and Columbus. There are many notable books in Mr. Ives's Americana, among them 'Champlain's Voyages,' of which there is believed to be only one other complete set in any private collection in this country. Mr. Ives's set is in the finest possible condition. Another remarkable feature of the Ives Americana is a copy of the letter of Columbus to Louis de Sant Angel, written in Spanish, and giving what some authorities believe to be the first printed account of the first Columbian voyage. Mr. Ives has two editions of the letters of Columbus, in Latin, to Gabriel Sanches, the Royal Treasurer of Spain. One of the editions is considered by M. Harris, of Paris, to be the very first of all the editions in Latin of these letters; while the other edition has for its backer in a similar claim Mr. Major, of the British Museum. As Mr. Ives has both the editions, he is on the safe side, no matter which of the authorities is right.

Among the manuscripts in Mr. Ives's collection, the Pembroke 'Book of Hours' easily shines supreme. It is a magnificently illuminated, illustrated and written prayer-book, 'The Hours of the Holy Virgin Mary,' and was prepared about the year 1440 for William Herbert, first Earl of Pembroke. That Mr. Ives's Pembroke 'Book of Hours' is genuine there can be not the least doubt. Even the workmanship of the volume proves it. It is a large, perfectly preserved folio, bound in boards covered with old red velvet, with bases and clasps of silver in the style of the early Italian niello work. The flawless penmanship of the pages runs its neat and perfect course through margins ablaze with rich and gorgeous decoration. There are 267 water-color miniatures in the book, and the pictures in coloring, detail and execution are simply marvellous. The 'get up'—to apply a modern term to it—of the whole book is such as would make any *édition de luxe* of these days look trivial. But then what *édition de luxe* would bring \$10,000 a volume? That is about the sum—it was, to be exact, 2000*l.* sterling—which Mr. Ives paid to F. S. Ellis, of London, for this precious Pembroke 'Book of Hours.' The manuscript is of English execution, and that adds to its value, as English-done manuscripts of its period are rarer than French, Italian or Flemish. Then its history can be traced, which is another element in its value, as it places its authenticity beyond dispute. As for its standing in the world of old manuscripts, it ranks with the famous 'Bedford Missal,' which is preserved in the British Museum. This king of the manuscripts in the Ives collection has a large following of less rarity and less intrinsic value, but still rare and valuable. There are 'Books of Hours' of French, Italian and Flemish origin, and many manuscripts of the Latin classics.

The Brinley and Cole copy of the Gutenberg Bible is probably the gem of the Ives collection of early printed books. It is in about the same condition as when it left the Gutenberg press, so gently have time and its successive owners dealt with it. After it, in point of antiquity, comes the 'Catholicon' or Lexicon of Balbus, dated 1460. Mr. Ives has also gathered a number of editions of the 'Dances of Death,' of Holbein and others, and of the 'Books of Emblems,' of Alcratus and others.

To lovers of Shakespeare, as well as to all bibliophiles, Mr. Ives's copies of the quartos and folios of the Bard of Avon are of immense interest. He has six quarto plays—'The Midsummer Night's Dream,' a genuine first edition, date 1600—and five others, not all firsts. But the quartos are interesting because they were nearly all published before the folios. The folio edition of 1623 was the earliest collected edition of Shakespeare's plays. Mr. Ives has the four folios and the poems. He has a copy of 'Venus and Adonis' whose only mate is in the British Museum.

Of the first printed classics, Mr. Ives has a big representation. Among others, he has Cicero's 'De Officiis,' Apuleius, St. Augustine, Caesar, St. Chrysostom, Aristotle, Euripides, Hesiod, Pindar, Ptolemy, Plutarch, Theocritus, Boccaccio and the schoolboys' friends, Euclid, Homer, Horace, Virgil and Cornelius Nepos.

In copies of the old English printers Mr. Ives's collection is rich. He has a specimen of the work of Caxton, two of that of Wynkyn de Worde, 'The Seven Penitential Psalms,' and the 'Lives of the Saints' (Vitas Patrium), one of Richard Pynson's the 'Shyp of Folles,' dated 1509, the only copy in the country.

In addition to all this book and manuscript treasure, Mr. Ives has a big and valuable collection of Oriental objects, including Chinese porcelains and jades, Japanese swords, lacquers and carvings.

### Notes

MR. RICHARD HARDING DAVIS, of whom some account was given in these columns a few weeks since (The Lounger, Dec. 27), will hereafter be associated with Mr. George William Curtis in the editorship of *Harper's Weekly*. He is but twenty-six years

of age, a son of Mr. L. Clarke Davis, editor of the Philadelphia *Ledger*, and Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis, whose work in fiction is well known. Young as he is, Mr. Davis has won his spurs both as journalist and story-writer. He was a student at Lehigh University and Johns Hopkins, and was afterwards for three years associated with Philadelphia journalism. On his return in 1889 from Europe, where he had been a correspondent for the *Evening Telegraph* of that city, he was engaged as a special writer for the New York *Evening Sun*, in which connection he wrote the 'Van Bibber Stories.' His latest writings have been among the attractions of the leading magazines.

—The frontispiece to *Harper's* for February will be a portrait of Edwin Booth, engraved by Frank French from the painting by John S. Sargent, at the Players Club. A poem on this painting, written by Mr. T. B. Aldrich, will appear in the same number.

—The first two volumes of the authorized American edition of Ruskin's works have just made their appearance (from the press of George Allen of London and Orpington) under the imprint of Charles E. Merrill & Co. of New York. They are 'The Seven Lamps of Architecture,' with fourteen illustrations by the author, and 'The Two Paths,' and each volume has a special introduction by the author's friend Prof. Norton of Cambridge. This new edition—the Brantwood—is the cheapest form in which Mr. Ruskin's various writings have yet been printed with his consent.

—Mr. Stoddard, the poet, who possesses a remarkable collection of literary autographs, will write of some of them in the February *Scribner's*. A new poem by Sir Edwin Arnold, entitled 'The Musmee,' will appear in his third 'Japonica' article, in the same magazine; and Frank R. Stockton's tale, 'The Water-Devil,' will be concluded with a most surprising solution of the mystery.

—The many admirers of Max Müller in America will be pleased to know that two important works of his are soon to appear. One of them, on 'Physical Religion,' comprises the second series of his Gifford Lectures, and treats of the 'nature gods,' and especially the gods of fire and storm. The last chapter discusses the subject of miracles. The other work, in two volumes, has for its title 'The Science of Language,' and is based on his well-known lectures of 1861 and 1863, now revised to include the advance of the science during the past thirty years. Longmans, Green & Co. will publish both works.

—Members of the Aldine Club are looking forward impatiently to the coming of Thursday, Jan. 22, the Entertainment Committee having promised for the evening of that day a Story-tellers' Night. Frank R. Stockton, F. Hopkinson Smith, 'Bill Nye,' the Rev. Joseph Twichell of Hartford, and several other capital story-tellers are expected to contribute to the allurements of an informal, jolly evening.

—Mr. Jeremiah Curtin has translated Sienkiewicz's 'The Deluge,' the first half of the second story in the historical cycle begun by 'With Fire and Sword,' of which Little, Brown & Co. are the publishers.

—Mr. Moncure D. Conway has long been engaged on a history of the career of Thomas Paine, and asks that those who possess letters or documents relating to the subject will communicate with him at 230 West 59th Street.

—Mr. W. W. Pasko, editor of *Old New York* and Secretary of the Typotheta, has undertaken the preparation of a 'Dictionary of Printing and Bookmaking' for Howard Lockwood & Co., which will be more extensive than any of its predecessors, making a royal octavo of over 600 pages, with illustrations. In biographical sketches it will be especially rich.

—The portrait of Talleyrand, by Greuze, will form the frontispiece of the February *Century*. The instalment of the Memoirs in that number deals almost entirely with Talleyrand's relations with Napoleon Bonaparte. Talleyrand apologizes for taking office under the Directory, describes his first meeting with Bonaparte, apologizes for supporting him, tells a number of interesting anecdotes concerning him, and reports a very interesting meeting between Napoleon, Goethe, and Wieland. Cardinal Gibbons, Dr. Mary Putnam Jacobi, Mrs. C. R. Lowell, Dr. Osler of Johns Hopkins Hospital, Dr. Folsom of Boston, and Miss Thomas, Dean of Bryn Mawr, have written open letters for the same magazine on 'The Opening of the Johns Hopkins Medical School to Women.'

—In recognition of his discoveries in spectroscopy, the French Academy of Sciences has awarded to Prof. Charles A. Young of Princeton, author of 'The Sun' (1881) and 'A Text-Book of General Astronomy' (Jan. 1889), the Janssen prize for 1890.

—Mr. Clyde Fitch, author of the plays 'Beau Brummell' and 'Frederic Lemaitre,' contributes his first novel, 'A Wave of Life,' to the February *Lippincott's*. The scene is laid in New York, and the characters are said to be taken from among the fashionable



and literary folk of the metropolis. In the same number 'Julien Gordon' writes of 'Men's Women.'

—For the benefit of the New York Kindergarten Association, a literary and musical entertainment is to be given at the Berkeley Lyceum, at three o'clock in the afternoon of Thursday, Jan. 22. An attractive programme has been arranged, which comprises readings from Whitcomb Riley and others, by Mrs. Charles Waldo Richards of Buffalo, a popular 'entertainer,' and songs by Mr. Theodore Björkstern of this city. The cause is a most worthy one, and additional funds are imperatively needed to keep open the schools of the Association. Tickets may be obtained from Mrs. Grover Cleveland, 816 Madison Avenue; Mrs. George H. Putnam, 417 West 154th Street; Mrs. H. H. Boyesen, 48 West 45th Street; Mr. Daniel S. Remsen, 69 Wall Street; or at the door of the Lyceum, 19 West 44th Street.

—An examination of the papers left behind by Mr. Kinglake has disclosed an abundance of interesting matter, fully warranting a compilation in biographical form. The work will be undertaken by Mr. Edward Pigott, licenser of plays, one of the historian's oldest friends.

—The weather has killed many eminent and amiable people, besides a vast number of the vulgar crowd,' cables G. W. S. to the *Tribune*. 'Mr. Kinglake's death, however, was not wholly unexpected. The doctors had been trying for the last three years to prolong his life. Lady Taylor, even after the death of her husband, some five years ago, continued to be a prominent star in intellectual society. She and her husband did much to make popular the Lake poets, and to induce Carlyle to begin his London letters. More lately, she was a great patron of Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson. Mr. Charles Keene, an artist of the John Leech type, was little known in society. He was a quiet bachelor, as eccentric in his own dress as some of the characters which he portrayed in *Punch*. Another American dramatic success in England has to be recorded,' says Mr. Smalley, 'Mr. Henry James, at the height of his fame as a novelist, has turned to the drama in search of new laurels, and has dramatized his own novel, "The Americans." The play was produced under this title last Saturday at Southport by the Compton Comedy Company. So great was public curiosity that every place in a theatre holding 1500 was taken a week in advance. Mr. Archer, the well-known London critic, who went down for the first night, writes that the play is a most interesting piece of work, full of alert, telling dialogue, and incidents which show a keen eye for stage effect.'

—The *Contemporary Review* for January contains an article on the late Dean Church, in which is given a long extract from a hitherto unpublished letter from Cardinal Newman on 'Essays and Reviews.' The number contains also an article on Cardinal Newman by the Rev. Dr. Edwin A. Abbott.

—Miss Gertrude Rives, a sister of Mrs. Amélie Rives Chanler, who is reported seriously ill in Paris, says that the reports about her sister's condition are greatly exaggerated.

—The *Book Buyer* offers a prize of \$500 in books to the subscriber who sends to it by Feb. 14 the greatest number of new subscribers for one year. The winner is to select from any or all of the catalogues of books published in this country, volumes amounting to a total of \$500 at retail prices.

—Miss Charlotte Maria Tucker ('A. L. O. E.'), one of the best-known of modern English writers for young people, is engaged in mission work in a city of Northern India. She is described as a charming old lady, living in a pretty little cottage, and spending the larger part of her days in visiting, praying, and singing with the women of the zenanas.

—Bayard Taylor's old home, Cedarcroft, is to be sold at once, owing to the death of its last owner, Dr. Lewis.

—The *National Observer* says that Mr. Fiske's 'Civil Government in the United States' 'will help to produce good citizens in America, where they are wanted: and it will find appreciative readers over here. A history of our English institutions as sound, as interesting, as well-constructed, and as short, would be of the greatest possible service.' Does the reviewer mean to imply that good citizens are not wanted elsewhere than in America?

—Stepniak's first lecture, on 'Nihilism,' was delivered at the Metropolitan Opera House, on the 1st inst., before the Society to Befriend Working Girls. On Monday last the noted Nihilist spoke before the Long Island Historical Association, on 'Tolstol as a Novelist and Social Reformer.' He held that it was Tolstol's personality, his crude individuality, not his novels, that attracted to him the gaze of the world. Stepniak's own writings include 'The Career of a Nihilist,' 'The Russian Peasantry,' 'Russia Under the Tsars,' and 'The Russian Storm-Cloud.'

—Jameson's Story of the Rear Column of the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition' is announced by the United States Book Co. for immediate publication.

—Count Louis Alexandre de Foucher de Careil, grandson of the Gen. de Careil whose name is inscribed on the Arc de Triomphe, died in Paris last Saturday, aged sixty-four. He was the author of the 'Réfutation Inédite de Spinoza par Leibnitz,' in 1854, 'Lettres et Opuscules Inédits de Leibnitz,' 'Rome, ou Espérances et Chimères de l'Italie,' 'Leibnitz; la Philosophie Juive et la Cabale,' 'Descartes et la Princesse Palatine,' 'Hegel et Schopenhauer,' 'Leibnitz, Descartes, et Spinoza,' 'Dante,' 'La Liberté des Hara et la Crise Chevaline,' 'Goethe et Son Œuvre,' 'Le Luxembourg et la Belgique,' 'Les Habitations Ouvrières,' 'Aux Viticulteurs,' 'Leibnitz et les Deux Sophie,' 'Discours,' 'Descartes, la Princesse Elisabeth et la Reine Christine, d'après des Lettres Inédites.'

—Baron Haussmann, who died of apoplexy in Paris on Monday, was the grandson of one of the French officers, Dentzel by name, who fought for American liberty under Lafayette and Rochambeau, and the godson of Prince Eugène de Beauharnais, Napoleon's adopted son. His radical improvements in the physical condition of Paris under the Empire cost the French people about \$500,000,000, and contributed largely to the fall of Napoleon III. Of his Memoirs, in four volumes, two volumes have appeared.

—The Rev. Thomas K. Beecher, at the Park Church, Elmira, N. Y., on Sunday morning last, preached a sermon on the late Mrs. Olivia Langdon, mother of Mrs. Samuel L. Clemens of Hartford, Conn. It was impossible for Mr. and Mrs. Clemens to be present, but their house in Hartford was connected with the church by telephone, the receiver being placed on the pulpit and hidden in a bank of flowers. The line went by Syracuse, Albany and Springfield to Hartford, a distance of 450 miles, and the entire service was distinctly heard in Mr. Clemens's residence in Hartford. In the evening a number of Mr. Beecher's friends in Buffalo heard his sermon in the same way.

—One of the clauses in the marriage-contract between Dr. Schliemann and the Greek lady whom he married as his second wife provided, it is said, that the lady should improve her knowledge of Homer by learning and reciting fifty lines of the 'Iliad' nightly.

—The analysis of the brain of the late Laura Bridgman, the educated blind deaf-mute, has been carried on at Clark University under the direction of President Stanley Hall, and the report in the *American Journal of Psychology* shows a slight variation from the brain of the ordinary person. This slight difference is the apparent explanation of Miss Bridgman's lack of sight, hearing, and speech. There is a shrinkage and deformity noted in those parts of the brain which are believed to bear a direct relation to these faculties.

—Mr. Harrison Grey Fiske emphatically denies a published report that *The Dramatic Mirror* is to be discontinued, and declares his intention of prosecuting the paper that started the rumor.

—Chas. Scribner's Sons, who have just brought out the Life of Mrs. Thrale referred to in our London Letter this week, and Princess Beatrice's translation of 'The Adventures of Count George Albert of Erbach,' announce 'Talks with Athenian Youths,' translated from Plato by the translator of 'A Day in Athens with Socrates,' etc., who is understood to be a young lady of Boston. 'A Practical Guide to Whist,' by Fisher Ames, is another of their announcements.

—*Truth* of London declares that the common assertion that no authentic portrait of Fielding exists, is an error. 'As a matter of fact,' it says, 'there is an excellent portrait of Fielding in the Mineral Water Hospital at Bath, which originally hung at Prior Park, the seat of Ralph Allen, who was the original of Allworthy.' Hogarth's portrait, sketched from memory after Fielding's death, has hitherto been regarded as the nearest approach to an authentic portrait.

—Mr. Jay Gould's library at Lindhurst, Irvington-on-Hudson, is said to contain interesting books on art, travels, history and natural history, but is not the library of a book-lover. There are twenty-two books printed by Aldus, and fourteen Elzevirs, and only one of them is noteworthy—the Elzevir 'Decameron' of 1665, bound in a contemporary prayer-book binding. Mr. Gould's library does not contain his own scarce and valuable 'History of Delaware County.'

—The second in the series of parlor lectures on English literature by Mrs. M. T. Richards of Providence, R. I., was given on Tuesday at the house of Mrs. John S. White, 8 East 44th Street. Its subject was 'The Age of George II.: Dr. Johnson, Thomson, and Gray.' The next will be delivered at the same place, on

Jan. 20, upon 'The Age of George III.: Hume, Robertson, Gibbon, and Cowper.' The four remaining lectures of this (second) series, upon 'The Novelists,' will be given on successive Tuesday mornings at the houses of Mrs. James McCall, 9 West 42d Street, and Mrs. Morris H. Henry, 581 Fifth Avenue.

—Washington has a new monthly, *The Analostan Magazine*, to the first number of which Miss Sophie Verdi contributes a study of the prose and verse of Prof. Hardy, and a page 'About Books and Book-Folk.'

—The first publications of G. P. Putnam's Sons this year will comprise:—'The Vikings in Western Christendom,' A.D. 789-888, by Charles F. Keary; 'English Prose: Its Elements, History, and Usage,' by Prof. John Earle of Oxford; 'A Literary Manual of Foreign Quotations' (Latin, Italian, French, and German), by John D. Belton; 'Pericles and the Golden Age of Athens,' by Evelyn Abbott of Oxford; 'Representative Irish Stories,' edited by W. B. Yeats; 'The Letters of Lord Chesterfield to his Godson and Successor, with a memoir by the late Lord Carnarvon; Vol. II. of 'The Writings and Correspondence of John Jay,' edited by Prof. Henry P. Johnston; 'How We Went and What We Saw,' a flying trip through Egypt, Syria, and the Ægean Islands, by Charles McC. Reeve; 'Pilgrims in Palestine,' a narrative of a family journey, with a preface by Thos. Hodgkin; 'Winona, a Dakota Legend, and Other Poems,' by Capt. E. L. Huggins, 2d Cavalry, at present Chief of Gen. Miles's staff; a new edition of 'Hampton Songs'; 'The Battle of Manassas: A Reply to Gen. Joseph E. Johnston,' by Gen. G. T. Beauregard; 'Principles of Social Economics,' by George Gunton, author of 'Wealth and Progress'; 'Chapters on the Theory and History of Banking,' by Prof. Charles F. Dunbar of Harvard; 'The Death Penalty,' by Andrew J. Palm; 'A Tariff Primer,' by the Hon. Porter Sherman; and a second edition of 'A Manual of Clinical Diagnosis,' by Drs. Otto Seifert and F. Müller, translated by W. B. Canfield, M.D.

### Current Criticism

THE GYPSY JARGON AND SANSKRIT.—It is because Gypsies of all lands wherever they go are Romanies, as they call themselves, and not Frenchmen or Hungarians or Englishmen or Americans, that they have always seemed a mysterious race. They were looked upon in old times as sorcerers and magicians; many a poor Gypsy has been accused of magic for no better reason than was Esmeralda in Victor Hugo's novel, 'Notre Dame de Paris'—the Gypsy girl who was killed because she had a trained goat that could dance and play tricks. Even nowadays there lingers a mystery about the Gypsies in their tents. It is this difference, this mystery, that has set not a few scholars to the study of the Romany and his manner of life. It fascinated George Borrow, who went to wander with the wanderers and pitch his tent by theirs in quiet dingle or by the roadside; and Mr. Charles G. Leland, who in all his travels, in England or Egypt, America or Russia, has given his first thoughts to the Romanies of the country; Mr. Francis Groome spends days and hours 'In Gypsy Tents'; Mr. Hubert Smith married a Gypsy. It is not merely the Romany himself that interests these men; it is his language or jargon—for language it really is no longer. But the strange words the Gypsies use, stringing them together with English phrases and expressions, are the surest proof of their Hindoo origin. Some constantly in the mouths of these shabby, shiftless wanderers are to be found in the Vedas, the oldest sacred hymns in existence; and in common use to-day in India. A friend of mine once told me she was learning Romany as a beginning to the study of Sanskrit and Hindoostanee.—*Elizabeth Robins Pennell, in Wide Awake.*

APOLLO, MERCURY, AND WASHINGTON IRVING.—If you [the merchants] are satisfied, we are. To be sure, gentlemen, your god out-witted ours and stole his oxen, but he left his horses of the sun, and I have observed that it is with these that Apollo always prefers to travel. We, indeed, his children, have taken our revenge upon you by giving your deity a bad name. But you, in turn, have been revenged by time and tradition, and if Mercury is the god of the thief, it is universally agreed that Apollo is the god of the *lyre*. And, indeed, gentlemen, we invade too often, undoubtedly, each the domain of the other; for if the statements of the poet laboring at a song are truly called works of imagination, it is believed that often enough the merchant laboring at his bargains in making his statements, is susceptible, at least, of the same classification. . . . When Apollo gave Mercury the caduceus—you remember, of course, the caduceus, gentlemen—it was the winged rod twined with serpents; but after all, it was but the mythological way of saying that literature, the permanent record of civilization and of human achievement, has given to commerce its fundamental axioms of prudence and persistence and promptness. It has

taught the merchant to bring the ends of the earth together and bind them fast in peace and in common prosperity. As I think of Lorenzo de Medici, the magnificent, as I recall other princely merchants, as I read of Florence, I think of New York; and mindful of the truth that there is no body of merchants in the world of larger literary culture, of more generous tastes, of more comprehensive sagacity, than those who compose the New York Chamber of Commerce, I ask myself—a solitary, secluded son of Apollo—I ask myself why, in our noble pleasure-ground of Central Park, close by which flows the river upon whose shores he was born and lies buried, why amid the memorials of men of genius in every country, in every clime, which are accumulated there; why in the city of which he was the most illustrious son, and in perpetual commemoration of the ancient and enduring ties and associations between commerce and literature—why is there not tonight a statue of Washington Irving erected by the merchants of New York?—*Mr. Curtis, at Chamber of Commerce Dinner.*

### The Free Parliament

[All communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

#### QUESTIONS

1600.—Where can I obtain a good list of published memoirs, letters or reminiscences of Americans, issued between the years 1810-50?  
PHILADELPHIA, PA. G. B.

#### ANSWERS

1590.—3. 'The Queen of the County' is published by Loring, at Bromfield and Washington Streets, Boston.

1599.—Bithell's 'Counting-House Dictionary' would probably answer the purpose. \$2, New York, Geo. Routledge & Sons.  
NEW YORK. L. E. J.

### Publications Received

[Receipt of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. When no address is given the publication is issued in New York.]

Adams, H. History of United States. Vols. VII., VIII., IX. Charles Scribner's Sons.  
Arcade Echoes. Arranged by T. L. Wood. . . . . Phila.: J. B. Lippincott Co.  
Bartlett, W. C. An Idyll of War-Times. . . . . Low Vanderpole Pub. Co.  
Baldrewood, R. A. A Colonial Reformer. \$1.25. . . . . Macmillan & Co.  
Chaucer's Prologue. Ed. by W. W. Skeat. 25c. . . . . Macmillan & Co.  
Cherfield, Lord. Worldly Wisdom. \$1.75. . . . . Macmillan & Co.  
Church, A. J. Stories from the Bible. \$1.50. . . . . Macmillan & Co.  
Connelly, E. M. Story of Kentucky. \$1.50. . . . . Boston: D. Lothrop Co.  
Cook, M. R. Japan. 60c. . . . . John B. Alden.  
Corbett, J. Sir Francis Drake. 60c. . . . . Macmillan & Co.  
Corbet, W. San Antonio de Bexa. . . . . San Antonio, Texas: Bambridge & Corner.  
Fabian Essays in Socialism. Ed. by G. B. Shaw. 40c. . . . . A. Lovell & Co.  
Foot, J. A. Private International Jurisprudence. . . . . Boston: Ginn & Co.  
Fenn, G. M. Lady Maud's Mania. 50c. . . . . United States Book Co.  
Golden Treasury. Arr. by F. F. Palgrave. . . . . Macmillan & Co.  
Hamilton, G. A Washington Bible Class. . . . . D. Appleton & Co.  
Hart, A. B. Federal Government. . . . . Boston: Ginn & Co.  
Hartland, E. S. Science of Fairy-Tales. \$1.25. . . . . Scribner & Welford.  
Hawthorne, J. Pauline. 50c. . . . . United States Book Co.  
Holloway, C. M. A Story of Five. \$1.25. . . . . E. P. Dutton & Co.  
Hopkins, T. The Nugents of Carriacou. 50c. . . . . D. Appleton & Co.  
Jay, W. M. L. Bellerus. \$1.25. . . . . E. P. Dutton & Co.  
Johnston, A. Shorter History of United States. 95c. . . . . H. Holt & Co.  
Journal of William Maclay. Ed. by E. S. Maclay. . . . . D. Appleton & Co.  
Kipling, R. Under the Deodara. 25c. . . . . United States Book Co.  
Kraus, E. Adventures of Count George Albert of Erbach. \$2.50. . . . . Scribner & Welford.  
Ladd, G. T. Physiological Psychology. \$1. . . . . Chas. Scribner's Sons.  
Lee, F. W. Dreamy Hours. . . . . St. Paul: Sunshine Pub. Co.  
Lucock, H. M. The Intermediate State between Death and Judgment. \$1.75. . . . . Thos. Whitaker.  
Mallison, G. B. Indian Mutiny of 1857. \$1.75. . . . . Scribner & Welford.  
Mallet, L. Wages of Sin. 50c. . . . . United States Book Co.  
Marshall, E. Eventide Light. \$1.25. . . . . E. P. Dutton & Co.  
Miles, W. A. Correspondence of, on French Revolution. 2 vols. \$10.50. . . . . Longmans, Green & Co.  
Norris, W. E. Marcia. 50c. . . . . United States Book Co.  
Ouroussov, M. Education from the Cradle. \$1. . . . . Scribner & Welford.  
Perry, A. L. Political Economy. \$2. . . . . Chas. Scribner's Sons.  
Randall, F. A. Woman Among the Illustrious. . . . . John B. Alden.  
Randle, F. A. Ingmar: A Story of India. . . . . J. B. Alden.  
Ruskin, J. Seven Lamps of Architecture. Int. by C. E. Norton. C. E. Merrill & Co.  
Ruskin, J. Two Paths. Intro. by C. E. Norton. . . . . C. E. Merrill & Co.  
Russell, D. A Bitter Birthright. 50c. . . . . United States Book Co.  
Sargent, A. and Lester, E. Name and Fame. . . . . United States Book Co.  
Seely, L. E. (Ed.). Mrs. Thrale, afterwards Mrs. Piozzi. . . . . Scribner & Welford.  
Shelley, P. B. Poetical Works. Ed. by W. Dowden. . . . . Macmillan & Co.  
Simcox, W. H. Writers of the New Testament. . . . . Thos. Whitaker.  
Smith, G. A. The Book of Isaiah. \$1.50. . . . . A. C. Armstrong & Co.  
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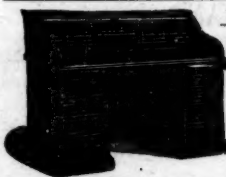
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